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GOREZONE

Nov. 1989 GOREZONE #10

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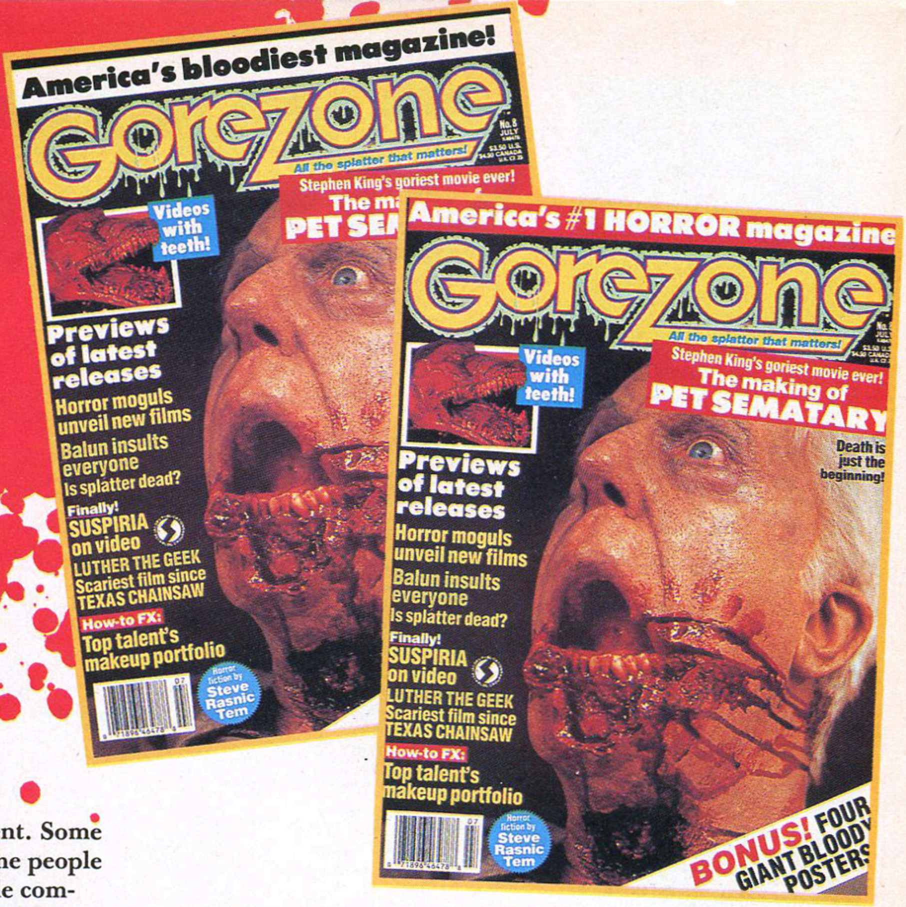
BLOOD FEST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LEFT: the original cover. RIGHT: The censored one.

GOREZONE CENSORED!

Some people think GOREZONE is too violent. Some people say GOREZONE is too bloody. Some people don't want their kids to read it, and some people complain to their magazine shops about GOREZONE. As a result, Circle K, the nation's second largest convenience store chain, won't carry GOREZONE on its racks. If you've been wondering why it's increasingly difficult to find this magazine on the stands, now you know.

Let's backtrack a bit. Starting with GOREZONE #5, our covers have become bloodier and bloodier. At first, this was not a conscious decision. The best visuals from #5's cover story, *Ghosthouse*, were the gory ones. It also made sense to go with a gross cover; since the issue dealt with Italian splatter, why not use an image indicative of this genre? We went for, as one former publicist would say, the "meat shot," fully realizing that it was probably the most disgusting cover ever published in FANGORIA/GOREZONE history. One splatter director said it "sickened" him.

When GOREZONE #6 rolled around, we decided to top ourselves. January '89 was a slow month for genre films, but Scott Spiegel's *Intruder* immediately caught our interest. The director promised an uncut bloodbath, and the makeup FX of KNB looked disturbingly realistic, certainly worthy of national retail exposure. We chose the band saw victim as our cover boy, which a fan nicknamed "the STOP sign of magazine covers."

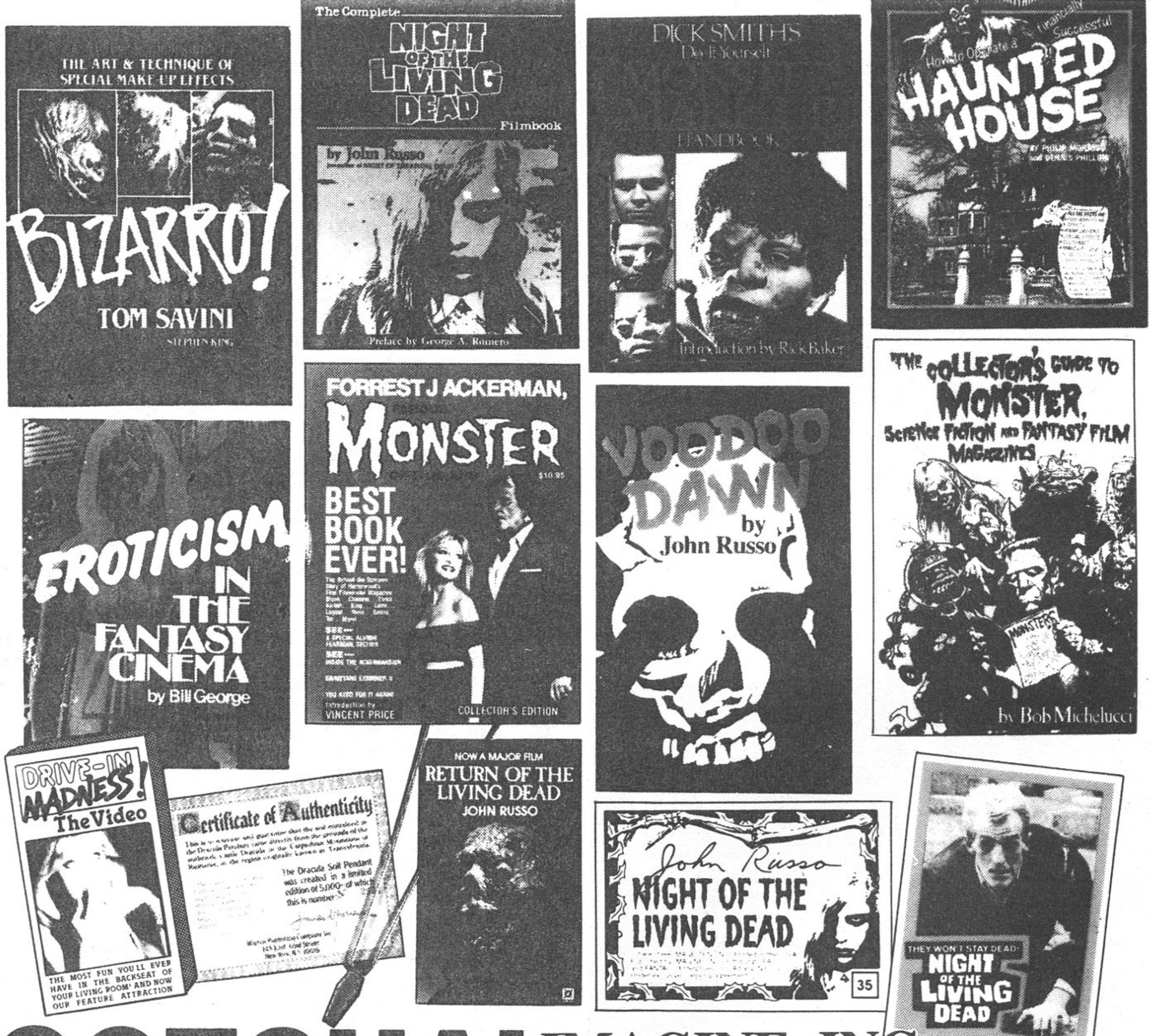
Shortly after we put GOREZONE #8 to bed, our circulation director came in with disturbing news: Because of consumer (i.e. parental) complaints over the *Intruder* shot, Circle K refused to ever carry GOREZONE again. This banning meant a circulation drop of several *thousand* copies. Our publisher decreed that from now on, the covers must be less violent; if they are gross, he decided, it should be a monster and not a realistic human victim.

The news got worse. Fearing further cutbacks from magazine distributors, our publisher altered the topline of GOREZONE #8 without my knowledge. The original line read "America's bloodiest magazine!" Objecting to the adjective "bloody," he changed the line to "America's #1 HORROR magazine." For the record, FANGORIA is America's #1 horror magazine, the book our boss thought he was referring to when he wrote that line. And speaking of FANGORIA, our sister mag has had its First Amendment rights violated as well, with stores bagging *Tales from the Crypt*'s killer Santa on Fango #84.

In recent years, ultraconservative lynch mobs have put several teen magazines out of business via grass-roots strongarming campaigns, including HARD ROCK VIDEO, one of our company's own. Heavy metal and splatter, they scream, are warping the minds of this country's youth. There's not much I can do about these censors, aside from venting my spleen here and voting Freedom of Speech opponents out of office. It's *you* who can help! If your local newsstand doesn't carry GOREZONE or FANGORIA, complain. Tell the store owner that you and your friends—valuable consumers—want to buy the magazine from him. If he refuses to order it from his distributors, take your business elsewhere. Nag these guys; that's how our detractors got us pulled in the first place, by whining. If your parents don't like the magazine judging from the cover or inside photos, ask them to *read* one of the articles or short stories. Perhaps then they'll discover that GOREZONE is a positive magazine that inspires young filmmakers and writers, regardless of the gory pix. Hey, better you're reading than watching TV, right?

If all else fails, subscribe. I want to keep GOREZONE on the newsstands, but if these self-righteous yahoos keep crushing free enterprise, we may face a difficult future. The time to act is now!

Anthony Timpone
Editor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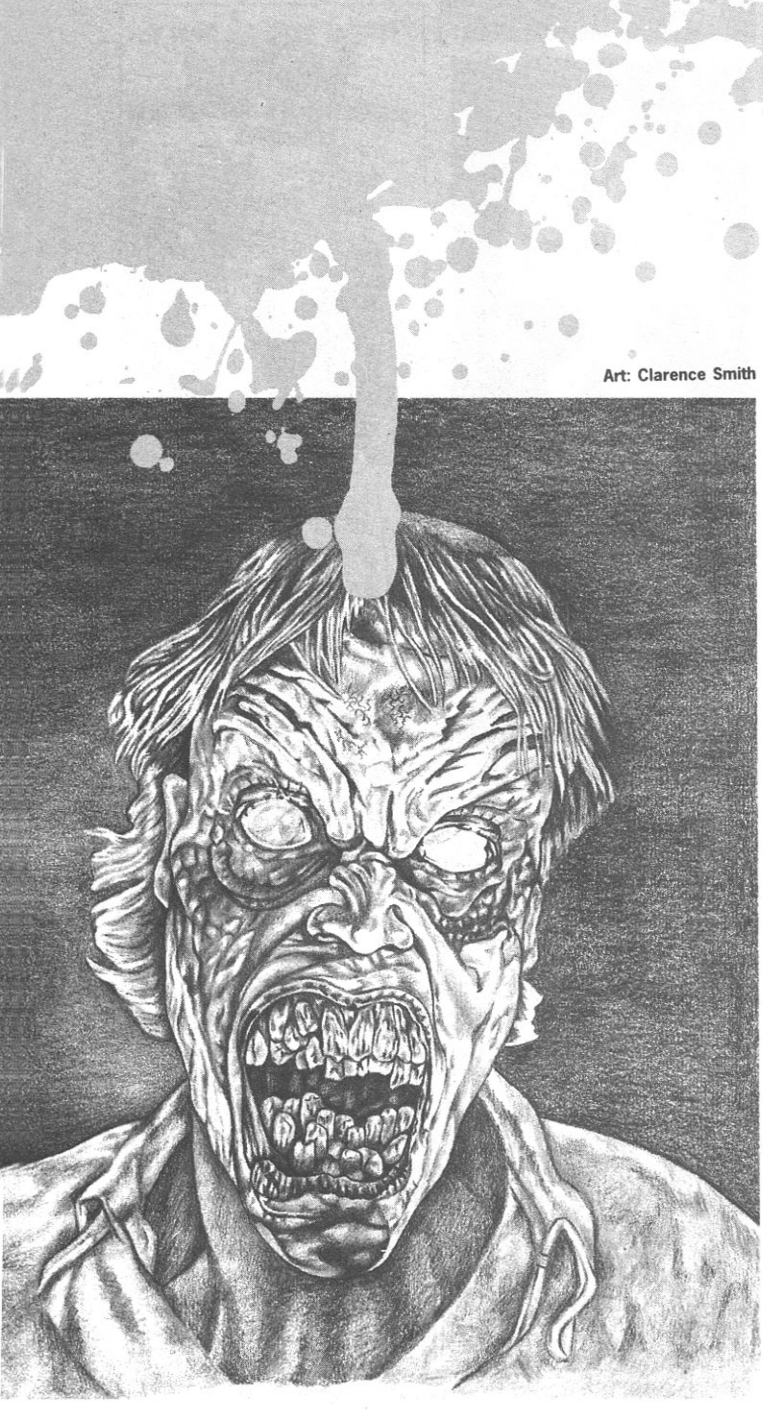


Art: Clarence Smith

CHAS. CHEERED!

...In GOREZONE #8, Chas. Balun speaks a bit of his own mind, and it's all too horrifyingly true. This guy has hit the nail on the head: 1988 sucked. Still, there were a few films to carry us through. No gems, but a little credit must go to those who brought us enjoyable tidbits such as *Child's Play* and *They Live*. I haven't seen *Pumpkinhead*, but I don't expect it to be a "shit sandwich."

Basically, though, we were confined to the purgatorious haze of video rentals, things we've already seen, and heartbreaking theatrical disappointments. TV's not much of a comfort, either, with our ol' boy Freddy embarrassing himself, but I am occasionally impressed with *Monsters*. Anyway, Chas., don't give up hope yet. 1989 is a new year. There must be *somebody* out there who still knows how to make a good, scary movie.

Scott C. Alden
115 Vossland Drive
Nashville, TN 37205

CHAS. JEERED!

...In GOREZONE #8 Balun trashed director John Buechler and his movie *Friday the 13th, Part VII*. I think the name-calling was a bit misplaced. Remember who the real enemy is, Mr. Balun: not Buechler, but the MPAA and the scared-shitless distributor, Paramount—the real enemies of the series' seventh installment. Remember savoring all those scenes that Buechler described that never made it to the screen? Wasn't every gore scene cut? Is it really the director's fault the film got castrated? I think not.

Joseph Olszewski Jr.
2802 Shelley Road
Philadelphia, PA 19152

BAND BALLYHOOED!

...It has been almost a year since Charles Band stepped down as head of Empire Pictures and Transworld took over the reins, changing the company's name and probably wiping out any chance of filmgoers' ever seeing the likes of Tobe Hooper's *Floater* and Larry Cohen's *Apparatus*, not to mention *Decapitron*, which had been due to go into production around five years ago, reported in almost every film magazine imaginable.

This also spells out the demise of Beyond Infinity, which turned out low-grade trash such as *Creepozoids* and *Piranha Women* (the only exceptions being the brilliant *Intruder* and the amusing *Dr. Alien*). Charlie Band has packed his bags and headed off to pastures anew.

In retrospect, it really does appear that Empire's films were improving just before its downfall. Films such as *Catacombs*, *Prison* and *The Caller*, with their grade-A production values, FX and acting, were steps up the ladder from dross like *Ghoulies II* and *Necropolis*.

Let's not forget, Band is the man who brought us two of the best B movies of the 1980s, *Re-Animator* and *Trancers*. *Ghost Town* is currently doing good business over here in the U.K. What with Paramount picking up *Puppetmaster* for release, the big-budget *Pit and the Pendulum* currently in production, and Steve King and Steven Spielberg praising *Tourist Trap* and *Prison*, respectively, critics may soon have to think twice before labeling Charles Band a hack.

Dave Bumpstead Jr.
Brentwood,
Essex,
England

POSEURS OR POSTERERS?

...I have just finished reading GOREZONE #8. I saw a letter in Gut Reactions written by Eric Panter. In it, he says he's "sick and tired of these horror poseurs who buy GOREZONE or FANGORIA just to look at the gross pictures," and then goes on about cutting up the magazines for the pictures. Well, I agree—up to a point. People who buy GOREZONE *should* read the articles because they tell who's been beaten, battered or eaten. But when you're finished, what's wrong with mutilating the magazine for wallpaper? I do it, and I'm sure many other GoreZonians do the same.

Aaron Pew
PO Box 6103
Champaign, IL 61828

Here's a solution: Why not buy two copies? Or three, so you can put one out on the coffee table for guests? Or four, so you can hide one in the glove compartment and *read during traffic jams? Or five, so you can keep one stored in mint condition? Or six? Or seven?*

RALLY AGAINST RATINGS!

...I have begun The Horror Film Preservation Society. I plan to petition all the video companies to release films intact and uncut. I also plan to petition the MPAA in support of the proposed A rating. If any other readers feel the same way, they can join me by writing to the address below. Everyone who joins will be put on file and will receive a monthly newsletter with updates on what's going on and coming out in horror. If we all band together, we *can* make a difference!

George Couri
The Horror Film Preservation Society
4203 16th Street East
Newport Richey, FL 34655

THANKS, KNB!

...I just read the KNB EFX article in issue #7. Wow! Finally, an article that gets down to it with some real FX artists—veterans in every aspect of the lab. I must say, given their advice, "digging" for a job was much easier because I knew what the key labs were looking for.

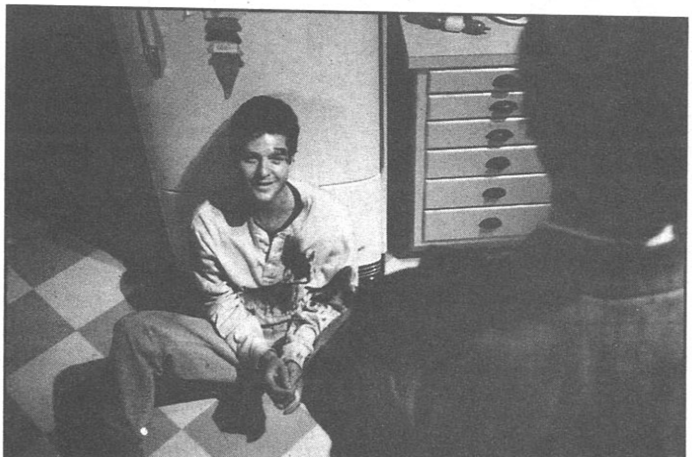
Well, my dream came true: I got a job in LA. Thanks Kurtzman, Nicotero and Berger. Who knows? Maybe someday I'll get to thank you guys in person.

T. Ryan
1132 W. Gary Street
Moses Lake, WA 98837

STILL THE KING!

...Lately, horror movies have lost their touch of scariness, which seems to have been replaced with excessive gore and comedy. I can think of only one horror movie that did not follow this trend—*Pet Sematary*. It had just the right amounts of splatter and fright, and it managed to put me in a state of shock. Adapting his book, Stephen King has outdone himself. I have absolutely no complaints about this movie. I would like to thank everyone who made *Pet Sematary* possible.

Dale Birkenstock
18022 S.W. 89th Court
Miami, FL 33157



The MPAA doesn't want you to see this photo! Yes, the ratings board branded this *Pet Sematary* still "objectionable" and had it removed from the film's press kits. Pretty scary, huh?

Photo: Copyright 1989 Paramount Pictures

WHEREFORE ART THOU, "LEVIATHAN"?

...Hey guys! I just saw *Leviathan*. (Actually, I've seen it before, only it was called *The Thing*.) I was majorly disappointed because—as ridiculous as this may sound—I had expected to see a film about a sea monster. *Leviathan* could've taken place in my backyard and the story wouldn't have been altered. The setting was obviously chosen to separate it from *Alien* and to give it the tiniest bit of originality. Unfortunately, it didn't work. Stan Winston does deserve a round of applause for some nice mutation scenes, but I sure hope you guys run a picture of the final creature, because we sure didn't get to see what it looked like on the screen.

Jared Knight Russell
16 Underhill Avenue
Locust Valley, NY 11560

See FANGORIA POSTER MAGAZINE #5 for a giant-size look at that sea critter.

"INTRUDER" VIOLATED!

...On a recent trip to a local video store, I found Scott Spiegel's *Intruder* on the new releases shelf. Naturally, I was excited, having read your piece on the film, so I picked up the box and went to the counter to check it out. While waiting on line, I decided to read the back of the box, and my jaw dropped to my knees. More horrific than any of the box's pictures was the rating: R!

I rented the tape anyway and returned home to watch the most savagely butchered film since *Hellraiser II*. Nearly all the gore pictured in your article was cut, including the butcher saw sequence. What the hell is going on? Scott Spiegel promised an uncut cassette. Did he know it was chopped up for an R? Or is he as surprised—and pissed—as I am? And may I ask what the producers thought they were doing when they sold the video rights to Paramount? It should be plainly obvious to any idiot that Paramount only releases R-rated material, as evidenced by their *Friday the 13th* videos and their video release of *Brain Damage* (which, as was pointed out by the astute Tim Lucas in GOREZONE #7, they further cut down from its R-rated version). Why didn't they go with a different video company? Though it was in many ways just a slasher film, director Spiegel shows some nice visual flair in many scenes, and the unusual supermarket setting was original. I'd like to see this film uncut, as Scott Spiegel promised. Will an unrated tape ever surface, or is the cut gore footage gone forever? Will it be released uncut overseas or in Japan?

Vincent Pereira
108 Burlington Avenue
Leonardo, NJ 07737

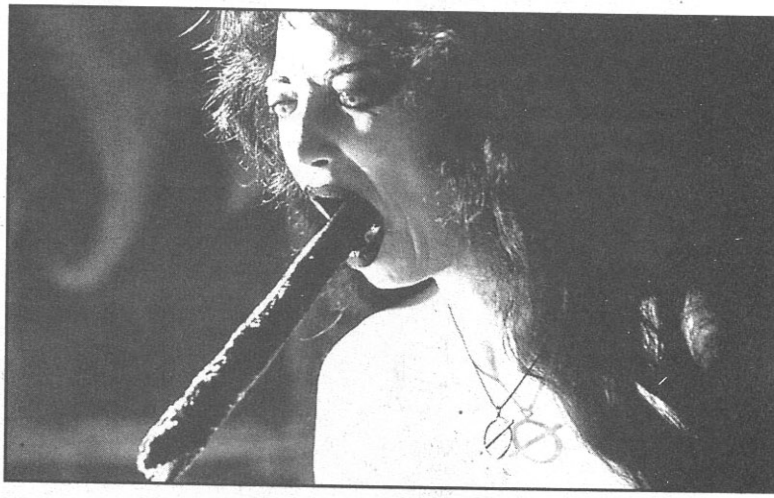


Photo: Courtesy KNB EFX Group

Love those guys at KNB. This effect from the upcoming *Night Angel* should win the team even more fans.

No plans exist to release the uncut Intruder *domestically. Spiegel is plenty sore about it, especially since the film was cut* without *his input.*

Remember, address your letters and cartoons to GOREZONE Gut Reactions, 475 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. Include a SASE if you want your art returned. Include a request for some famous person's phone number or address if you want us to laugh and throw out your letter. Sorry, absolutely no *personal replies.*

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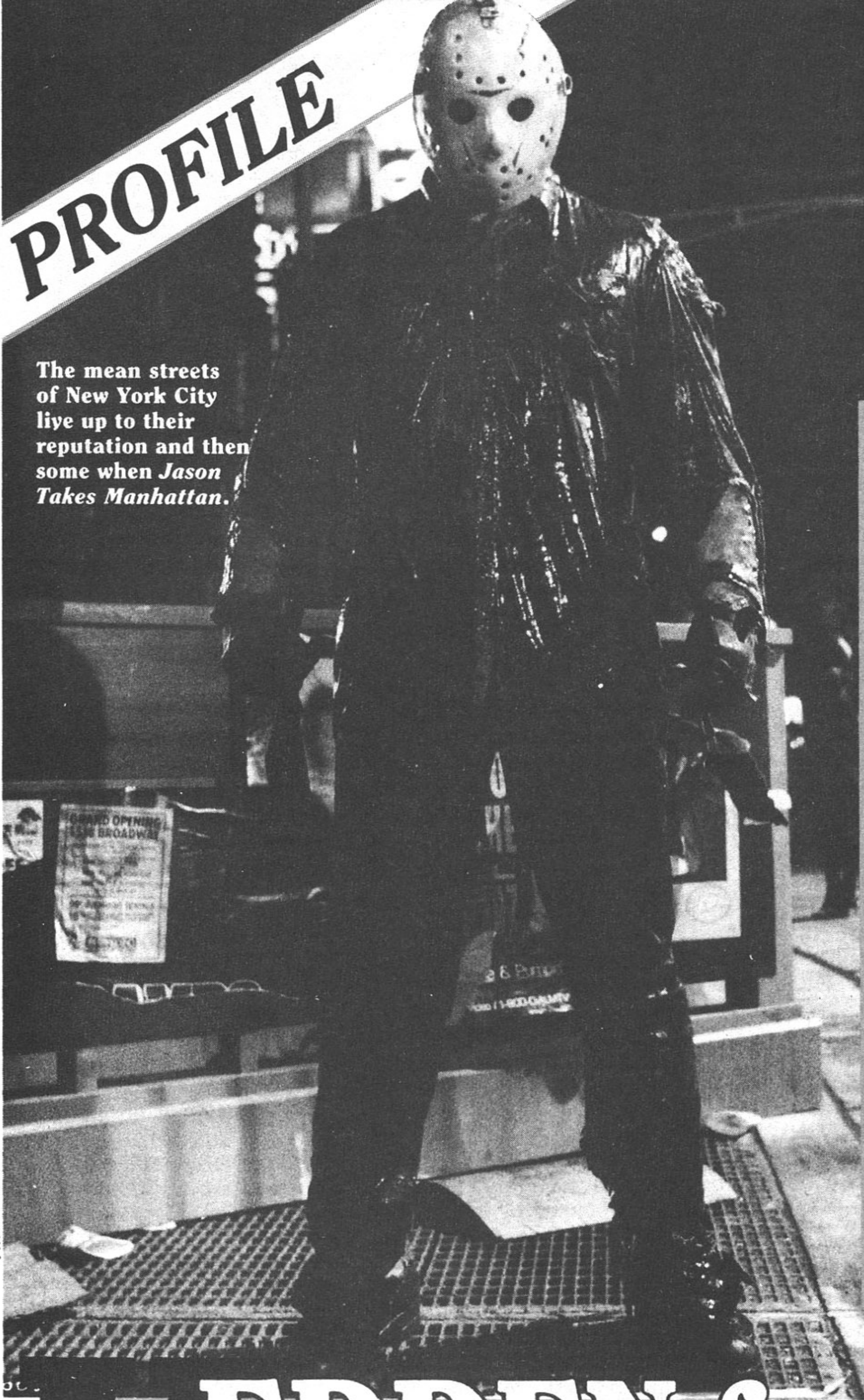
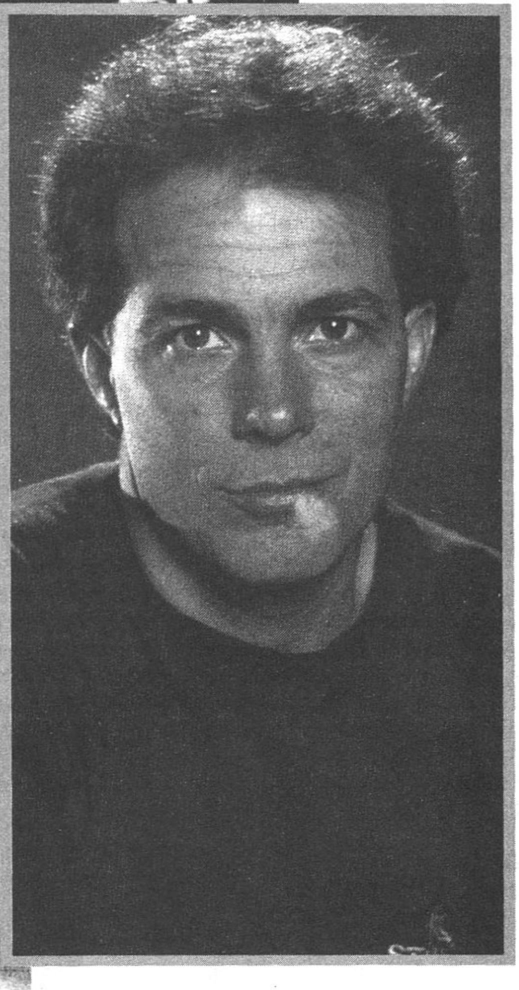
Open the magazine to the center and unbend the staples; pry them up with a screwdriver to avoid punctured, bleeding fingers. After opening all three staples, pull the posters out carefully, then bend the staples back to their original position in order to keep the rest of this wonderful magazine in working order.

PROFILE



The mean streets of New York City live up to their reputation and then some when *Jason Takes Manhattan*.

Photo: Joel Warren



Don't let the wholesome look fool you. Writer/director Rob Hedden racks up the series' largest body count to date.

HEDDEN for Horror

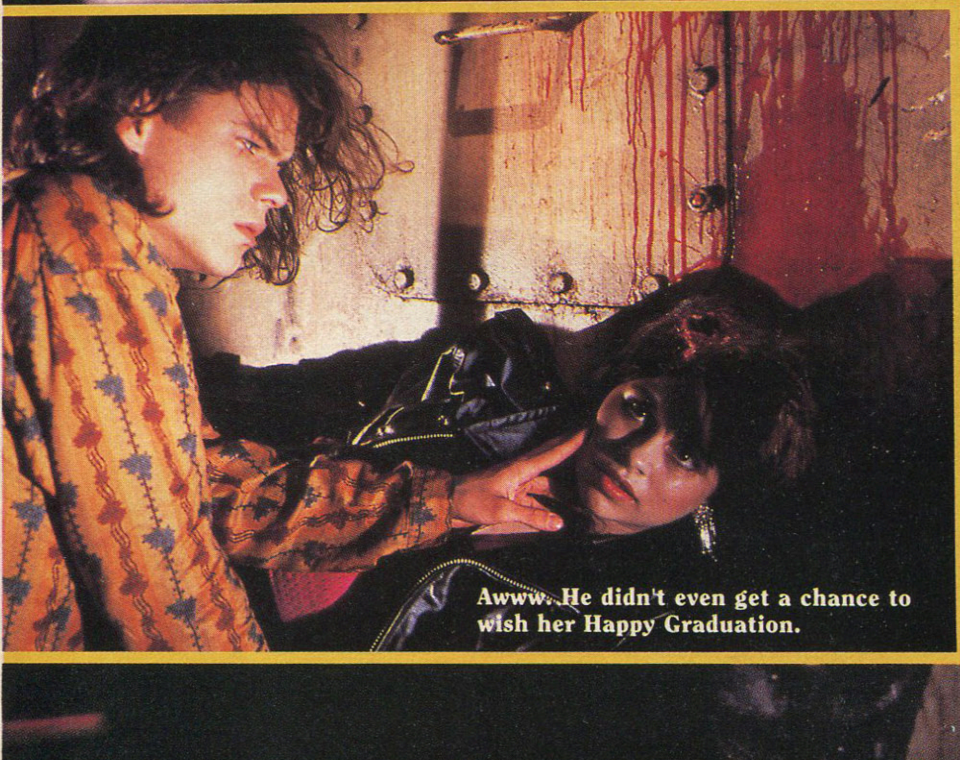
By STEVE NEWTON

> *"I'm learning on the set right now, constantly listening to what everybody says. If they have a better idea, I'm all ears."*

In his treatise on horror, *Danse Macabre*, Stephen King mentions how he has noticed a curiously childlike look in the faces of most of the terror creators he has met over the years. Anyone who has met Clive Barker is aware of his youthful countenance and the way he resembles a young Paul McCartney. And have you ever noticed how much David Cronenberg looks like that nerdy kid from the back of your eighth grade classroom?

Then there's Rob Hedden. You might not have heard of Rob Hedden yet, but you probably have, because he's the man behind both the pen and the camera for *Friday the 13th, Part VIII: Jason Takes Manhattan*. Now, this guy looks

What's a *Friday the 13th* film without an unmasking of Jason?



Awww. He didn't even get a chance to wish her Happy Graduation.

As expected, Jason's cruise has an early check-out time.

IN CASE OF FIRE

Jason doubled as the production's safety inspector.

young—young enough to make you think "liar" when he says he just turned 35. But this babyfaced fellow has spent many years working up to the job of helming Jason Voorhees' latest jamboree.

His first move toward a career in fantasy filmmaking came when he enrolled at Brooks Institute, a photography and film school in Santa Barbara, California. He spent three years there and a couple more at Orange Coast College in Costa Mesa,

where he took music and photography. After his studies, Hedden nabbed a job doing advertising work for Avco-Embassy, and while there, he met up with famed Monty Python trouper Terry Gilliam.

"I was a huge fan," says Hedden. "So when I first saw him I said, 'Aren't you the old man from scene 38?', which is this old line from *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*—he played the old guy on the bridge that said, 'What's your favorite color?' We hit it off instantly."

Hedden kept in touch with Gilliam after their initial meeting and the two came together again when Hedden was working in the publicity department at Universal and Gilliam was doing *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life*. Then Hedden got the opportunity to go to England and film a documentary on the making of Gilliam's classic *Brazil*. He jumped at it.

"That was a great experience," Hedden recalls. "*Every* effect in that movie, I know exactly how they did it. So that was an ideal learning forum. And the whole time, I was writing scripts."

"I want to do things like *Terminator* and *Aliens* in *Friday the 13th, Part VIII*."

After his *Brazil* documentary, Hedden started writing for TV. He did a series of *MacGyver* episodes, then wrote a movie for Warner Bros. with Quinn Martin as producer. During all this, he was meeting people involved in the *Friday the 13th* TV series, like Paramount producer Barbara Sachs and executive producer Frank Mancuso Jr. "In a sort of a roundabout way," Hedden says, "they came to me right during the time I was writing the movie for Quinn Martin and said, 'Would you be interested in writing for the TV series that we're just starting up, *Friday the 13th*?' And I said, 'Well, if you let me direct, I'd be interested.' They said OK, so we talked.

"When I finished the movie I was writing, they came and said, 'We have four weeks till we start the series, and we're in trouble. Could you help us out with getting some scripts written quickly?' So I rewrote a bunch of the early episodes, then I wrote a few episodes just on my own from my ideas. I think they were probably a little worried about my directing, because it was my first episodic television thing. I'd only done documentaries and TV commercials before that.

"Anyway, I did the first one, and they liked it. It was called 'The Electrocutioner,' about a guy who gets the electric chair and survives. Ten years later, he gets out and buys the chair back that they used on him, becomes a dentist, and turns it into his dental chair. It's a little weird, very black-humored. But they liked it, so I wrote and directed another one after that, about a pocket watch that stops time and murder—another weird one, called '13 O'Clock.' "

Having proved himself on the small screen, it was just a matter of time before Hedden got his shot at the big one. He didn't have to wait long. "Right after the writer's strike, they called me again and said, 'Would you be interested in writing and directing the next *Friday the 13th* feature?' I was thrilled, but I said, 'Well, what do you want to do with it?' And they said, 'Well, what do *you* want to do?' I said, 'Look, I think you've done a whole bunch of movies where Jason's in the woods at a campsite, tracking teenagers and killing them. Maybe we should do something different.' And they were very receptive. I had two ideas. One was that Jason gets on a cruise ship with a bunch of teenagers and it's like *Alien*, where they were trapped in that spaceship, only it's a boat. The other idea was that Jason goes to New York. He goes to a big city and it's Jason stalking through Times Square. They said, 'Well, why don't we do both of them in the same movie?' I just lit up."

Although *Friday the 13th, Part VIII: Jason Takes Manhattan* is Hedden's debut as a feature film director, it's not the first one he's had a shot at. "I'll tell you," he says, "there have been many close calls for me, career-wise, where I almost directed a movie and for one reason or another, it has fallen apart. I had this script called *Jackie the Ripper* which I was gonna do in London, about a female Jack the Ripper. And there was another thing called *Come and Get It* about two kids going to Acapulco, a comedy thing. For that one, I went down there, hired the crew, cast the thing, got it all set to go, and the money fell out at the last minute. I was *crushed*. That's happened to me about three times—close calls. Real close. In retrospect, it's a great thing that I didn't get those, because having done *Friday the*

(continued on page 54)

FICTION

Home Cooking

By NICHOLAS ROYLE

The day began bright and clear. Both Doreen and Brian Callaghan witnessed its dawning. One of them was moved by its beauty, the other cursed it as the bearer of bad news. Doreen would have been happier if it could have been cancelled. But the rising sun told her, with mocking assuredness, that this was not to be the case. Doreen also cursed the little bastard inside her skull, running from one side to the other swinging his mighty hammer.

There had been a party the previous evening, and Doreen had drunk several gin and limes too many. She had done so mainly because Brian had been annoying her: watching intently as she engaged George Muller, the barrister from number 33, in conversation. God! how she hated his watching her whenever she so much as glanced at another man. God! how she hated him. After talking to George, she had gone and sat down on the leather lounger next to Arthur Broadbent. She had no particular desire to talk to Arthur; she did it to annoy Brian. Glancing his way once or twice she had detected, to her delight, a hurt look in his eyes. He hadn't mentioned the incident yet. No doubt he would do so at breakfast. He usually did. He was so bloody predictable.

> **"You mustn't try to speak until you're properly awake," he told her. "You can swallow your tongue and choke yourself to death."**

"Would you pass the marmalade, please, dear?" asked Brian.

She pushed it across to him without looking up from the paper. He did wish she wouldn't read the paper at breakfast. It did so destroy conversation. Still, he had something to say, and say it he would.

"Good party last night, dear."

It was neither a question nor a statement.

"Do you think so, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, I do think so, darling. There were some very interesting people there."

"Oh really? I thought they were all rather boring, actually."

Brian cleared his throat noisily, then said, "Well, you seemed to find George Muller and Arthur Broadbent interesting enough."

"Sorry, dear, what are you talking about?" she asked. "George Muller and Arthur Broadbent? What have they got to do with anything?"

"Look, Doreen, darling, you know how it upsets me," he started. "You virtually ignored me all night. It's not being humiliated that I mind so much, it's the fact that you seem to prefer talking to them than talking to me. I couldn't bear to think of losing you, Doreen. I love you and I want you to show me that you love me. I want your heart to myself. I don't want George Muller and Arthur Broadbent getting little shares in it."

He looked imploringly at his wife. She told him not to be so silly and took a delicate bite out of a large piece of toast. He didn't like to question her loyalty or affection. He knew how it must hurt her, for although she didn't always show it, he knew she loved him.

She was glad when he'd gone. All that business about wanting her heart all to himself made her feel ill. He was driving her crazy. She would have to keep a firm hold on herself.

She carried the dishes from the table to the dishwasher. Then she wiped the table and other surfaces clean before making herself a coffee and sitting down with pen and paper. How was it, she thought, that she was able to write such good romances for the magazines, when she had so little experience of what she was writing about? Brian's affection for her wasn't real love. How could it be? Love was a mutual thing. Love wasn't love if it was only given and not received. It had to be received and reciprocated, surely? But it didn't do to start thinking about it too seriously. Not for women's magazines. Just give them the same old one-and-nine, she thought, and set to work producing another four thousand nice-sounding tearjerking words of glib wisdom.

At dinner that evening, Brian decided to make the apology he had been constructing in his mind during the afternoon's dissection in the pathology lab.

"I'm sorry, darling," he said.

"What was that, dear?"

"I said I'm sorry, darling," he repeated.

"What for now, dear?"

"Well, it must have seemed like I was getting at you this morning. I'm sorry, I don't mean to. It's just that your heart is so precious to me."

"Yes, dear, that's all right."

Brian felt a lot easier in his mind now and decided he could start his dinner. He sprinkled salt over his steak. He had a way of holding the salt shaker which was peculiar to him: He pinched the base of it between his first and second fingers and then waggled his wrist. It was one of his little idiosyncrasies which he knew Doreen loved because they set him apart from other men. He demolished his steak, then asked Doreen what she had done while he had been at work.

"I wrote another story," she told him.

"Oh jolly good! May I read it?" he asked.

"Too late, dear, I've already sent it off. You will have to wait until publication."

"Oh, I don't know if I can wait that long," he teased.

He liked to ask her about her writing, because he knew how important it was to her. He always read her stories. He thought them very realistic, and he told her so.

Doreen had to make an effort to prevent herself from shuddering when Brian picked up the salt shaker in that bloody stupid way he had of holding it. God only knew why he held it like that! She supposed he thought she liked it. She felt like taking the salt shaker—or better still, the pepper mill, so shaped that it would cause more damage—and ramming it into his smug face. And when he started about her stories, self-control had been difficult. She knew he actually liked them. That was enough. But on top of that, he always made such a fuss of them when they appeared in print.

Why did she continue to behave as if nothing were the matter? She didn't know, nor did she know how much longer she would be able to keep it up. It was getting to be more of a strain every day. She was losing her mind. She would have been losing it anyway, but this external pretense caused her tortured insides to crumble with greater rapidity. Tomorrow was their twenty-fourth wedding anniversary, she realized with dismay. It was getting to be too much for her.

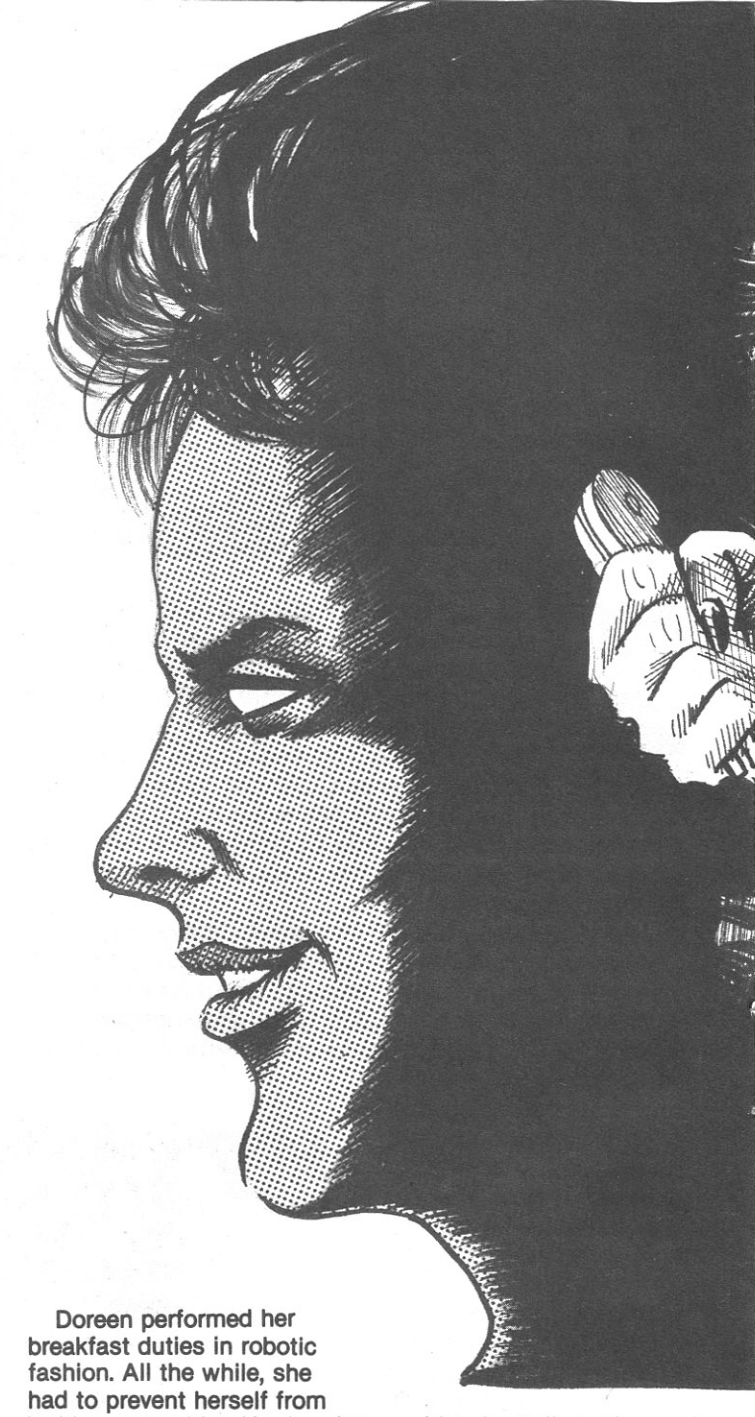
Brian felt as if the sun was shining that much brighter the following morning. The whole world was to be colorful under the increased radiance. He turned away from the window and looked at Doreen, who lay still in bed. He felt a little pang as he remembered the night before: his advances had been welcomed less than enthusiastically. Still, no use getting upset about that on their wedding anniversary. It was going to be a very special day. He would buy Doreen an eternity ring and give it to her at dinner.

He told her how it was such a beautiful day outside on account of the fact that it was their wedding anniversary.

"That's called pathetic fallacy," he announced proudly. "When the natural world appears to mirror the feelings of us mere mortals."

His wife sputtered and seemed to be in danger of choking. He rushed to her.

"You mustn't try to speak until you're properly awake," he told her. "It can be dangerous. You can swallow your tongue and choke yourself to death. Just be careful. We don't want you popping off today on our wedding anniversary, do we, poppet? Ha ha! Oh, now you're shivering," he said, concerned. "Come on, get dressed, then you won't be cold. We don't want you to catch a chill."



Doreen performed her breakfast duties in robotic fashion. All the while, she had to prevent herself from lashing out at him. Her hand strayed involuntarily to the electric whisk, but she withdrew it. The carving knife gleamed up at her from the cutlery drawer, saying, *Come on, pick me up and use me. Slit his throat. Free yourself.* She shut the drawer with a bang.

"All right, darling?" he inquired.

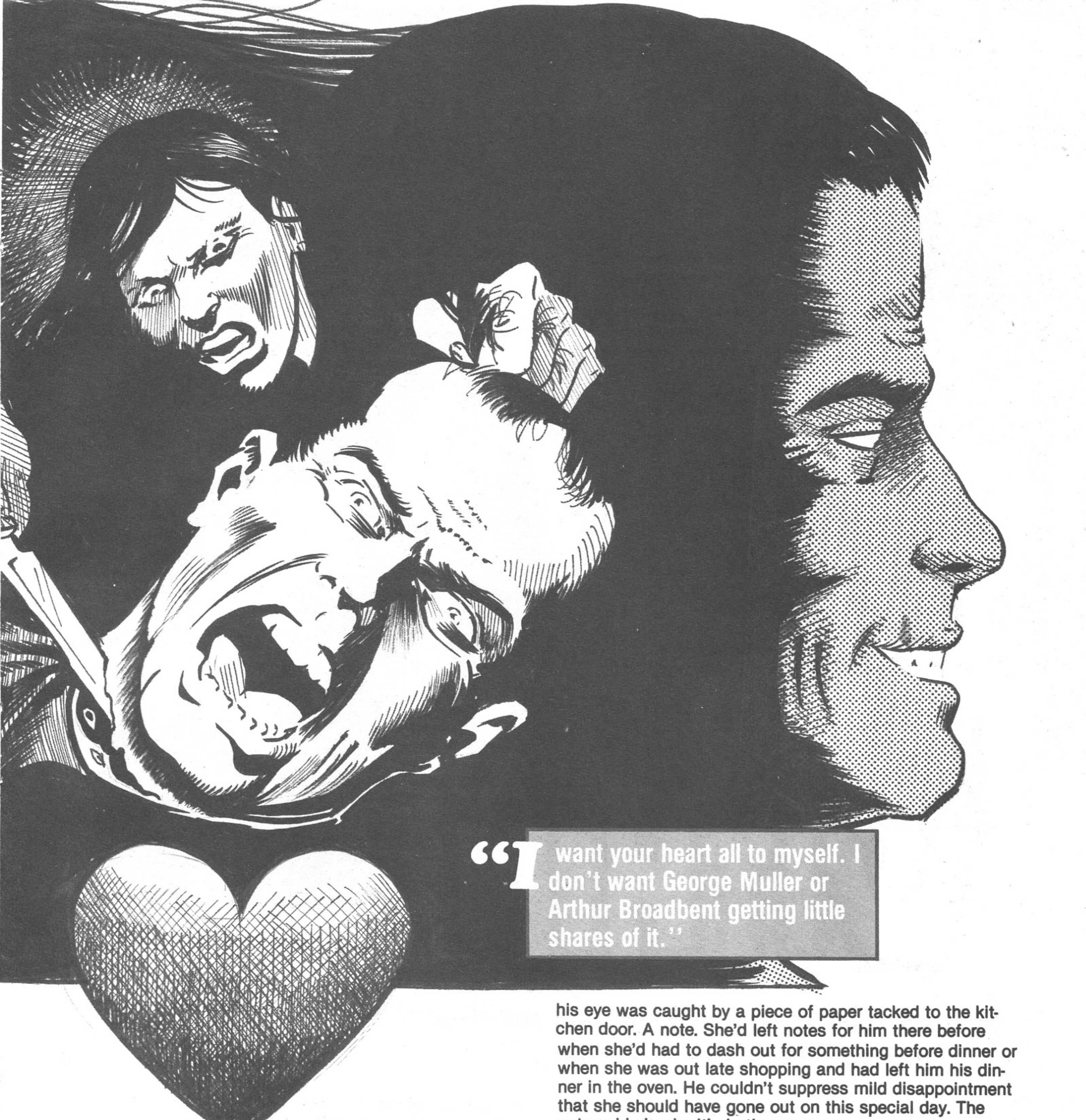
"Yes, dear." It amazed her that her voice had not become the sibilant croak of one possessed by demons.

No, she wouldn't attack him with the whisk or the knife. She'd think of a much better way. She had all day while he was at work. She'd give him the present of his lifetime.

"Goodbye, dear heart, see you tonight," he said as he kissed her on his way out.

And then it came to her. She knew what she'd give him for their anniversary. Now all she had to do was figure out a way to do it. It wasn't going to be easy, but she was determined to find a way.

Brian was relieved when he walked up the garden path at 5:30. It had been a hard day at the hospital, three autopsies. He was glad to be home. He patted



"I want your heart all to myself. I don't want George Muller or Arthur Broadbent getting little shares of it."

his jacket pocket; a little box in there held the ring he had bought for Doreen.

He called her name as soon as he unlocked the front door. When he didn't get an answer, he called again. Silence came back at him. *She must have gone for a lie-down*, he thought, and mounted the stairs.

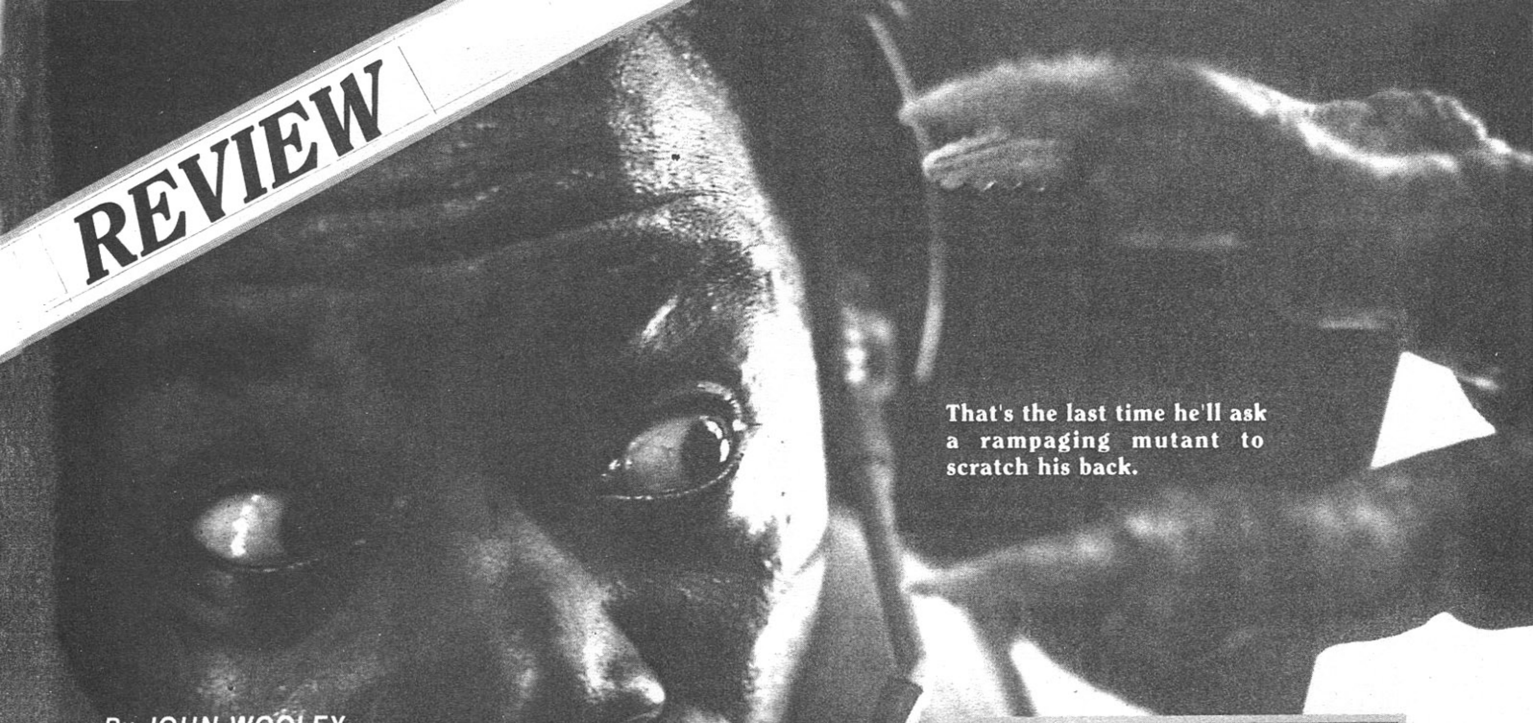
But she wasn't in the bedroom. Nor was she in the bathroom. Nor the spare bedroom (*What would she be doing in there, anyway?* he asked himself). Downstairs he checked the lounge to see if she was perhaps listening to some music with the headphones on, in which case she wouldn't have heard a thing. But still no sign of her. Then his eye was caught by a piece of paper tacked to the kitchen door. A note. She'd left notes for him there before when she'd had to dash out for something before dinner or when she was out late shopping and had left him his dinner in the oven. He couldn't suppress mild disappointment that she should have gone out on this special day. The note said simply: *It's in the oven.*

Ah well, he'd go and have a look at what he was having for dinner. He crossed the kitchen floor and using the oven gloves he opened the oven door. There was something like a roast in the tray. He pulled it out and saw the piece of paper squashed behind it. He placed the tray down on the table while he uncrumpled the piece of paper. What was she up to? On the piece of paper in an unsteady hand and in red ink that looked like—no, it couldn't be. . .

He read the following words: "*Here it is, just what you've always wanted, and it's all for you.*"

Some kind of intuition told him what it was without even needing to look. He fainted, but just before he did so, he took a look at the thing in the tray, just to verify that it was indeed his wife's heart.

REVIEW



That's the last time he'll ask a rampaging mutant to scratch his back.

By JOHN WOOLEY

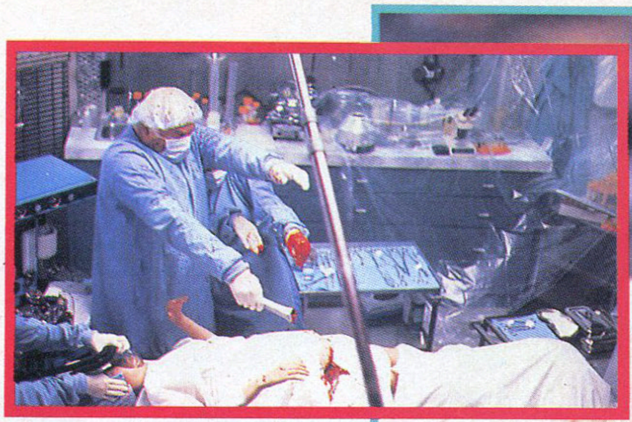
THE TERROR WITHIN

The *Terror Within*'s budget probably equaled *Leviathan*'s catering tab.

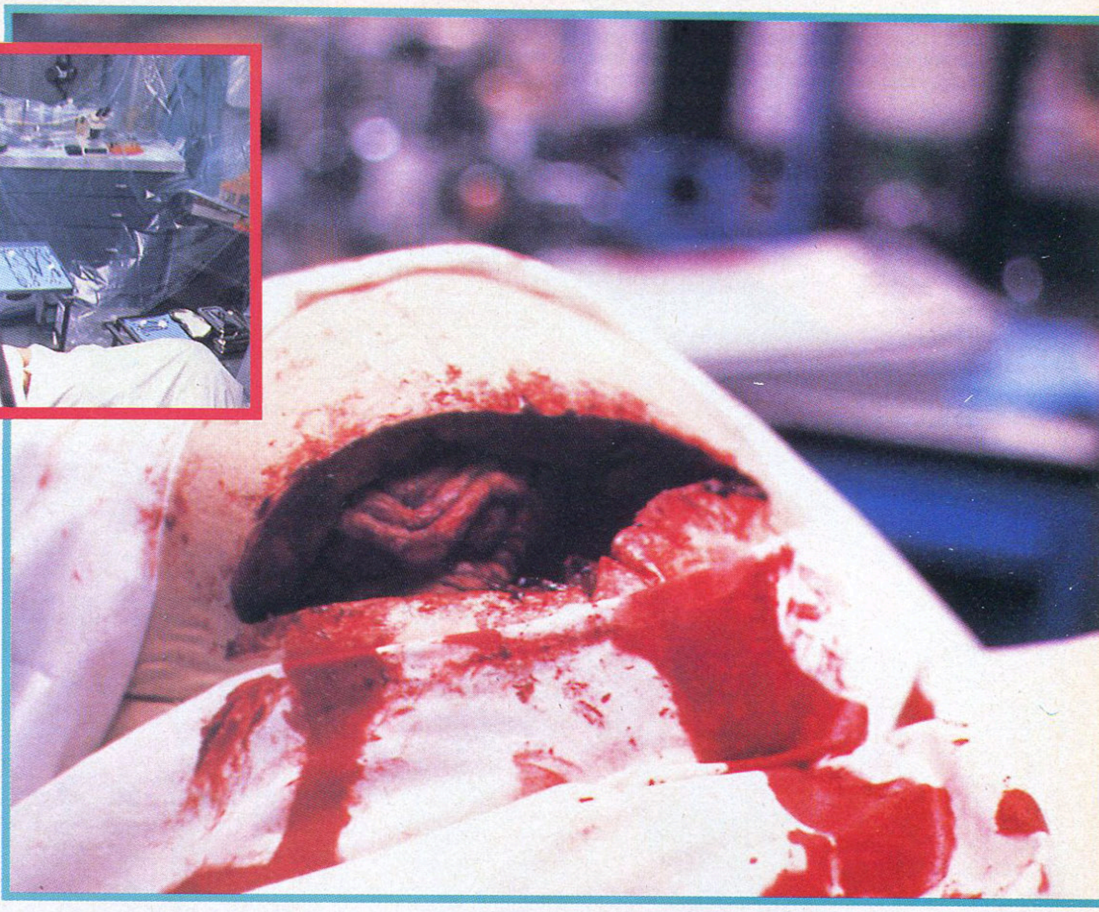
> ***"The basic plot is squarely in stop-me-if-you've-heard-this-before territory."***

An impressive number of horror and mystery-horror movies deal with isolation, taking a small group of people, cutting them off from the rest of civilization, and then sending something in to knock them off, one by one. You can draw a straight line from silent pictures like *The Cat and the Canary* and early talkies like *The Thirteenth Guest* right on through '50s SF horror like *The Thing* and *It! The Terror From Beyond Space* to *Alien*, the *Friday the 13th* series and Romero's *Living Dead* flicks, all of which are linked by the same idea, which is, *you can't get away*. The recent spate of underwater horror films—*Leviathan*, *Deepstar Six*, *The Rift*—draw from the same well. Whether you're sitting by a lonely campfire at Crystal Lake, a couple of seconds away from getting to Machete City with Mrs. Voorhees' problem child, or hurtling through space with a monster grabbing at your ankles, or so far under the ocean that the pressure could crush you into raspberry preserves, you're trapped, Jack, and there's nothing to do but gut it out.

That's the operative idea in Concorde's *The Terror Within*, the first feature from Switzerland native Thierry Notz and a kind of a *Deepstar Six* without the water, which is to say an *Alien* without the spaceship. Or the budget, of course. This time, the group of potential victims is holed up in an underground lab in the Mojave Desert after something called "the accident" has killed off 99 percent of the Earth's population and mutated many of the survivors. Early on, two of the lab's inhabitants, played by Andrew Stevens and Starr Andreeff, make a foray into the surrounding area and stumble onto a woman being chased by a mutant. They rescue her and take her back to the lab, where she rewards their kindness by giving extremely rapid birth to a little monster that skirts off and hides in the ventilation



Corman takes a cue from his own *Humanoids from the Deep*.



Photos: Copyright Concorde Pictures

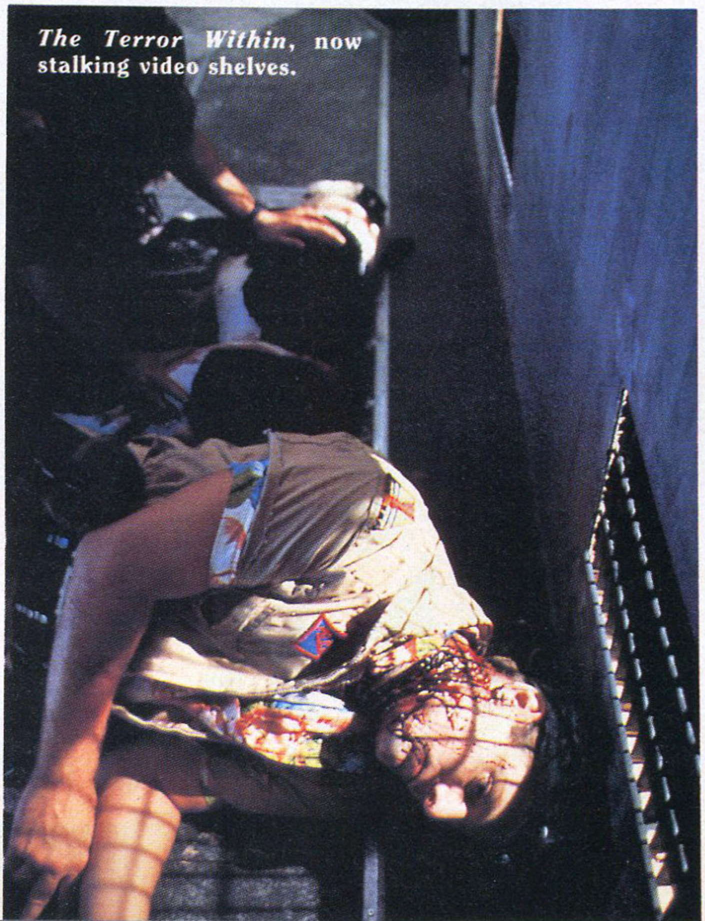
system until it grows up into a guy (Roren Sumner) in a monster suit, which takes approximately 12 minutes.

As you can see, the basic plot is squarely in stop-me-if-you've-heard-this-before territory, but director Notz and scripter Thomas Cleaver at least try to throw in a couple of mild surprises amidst all the monster and lab-tech bashing.

On the downside, Notz shows an inexplicable tendency to cut away from suspenseful scenes in the film's first part, although he picks up steam toward the end. And many viewers will get a little squirmy during the film's early scenes, since most of the action happens off-screen, probably due more to budgetary constraints than anything else. Dean Jones, whose makeup FX will be seen this fall in Concorde's *Masque of the Red Death* remake, gets to flex his muscles later in the picture, however, from the messy birth of the little monster (anyone planning on giving birth to a monster might as well forget about Lamaze classes—those suckers *never* come out easy) to the various monster-induced deaths in the underground lab.

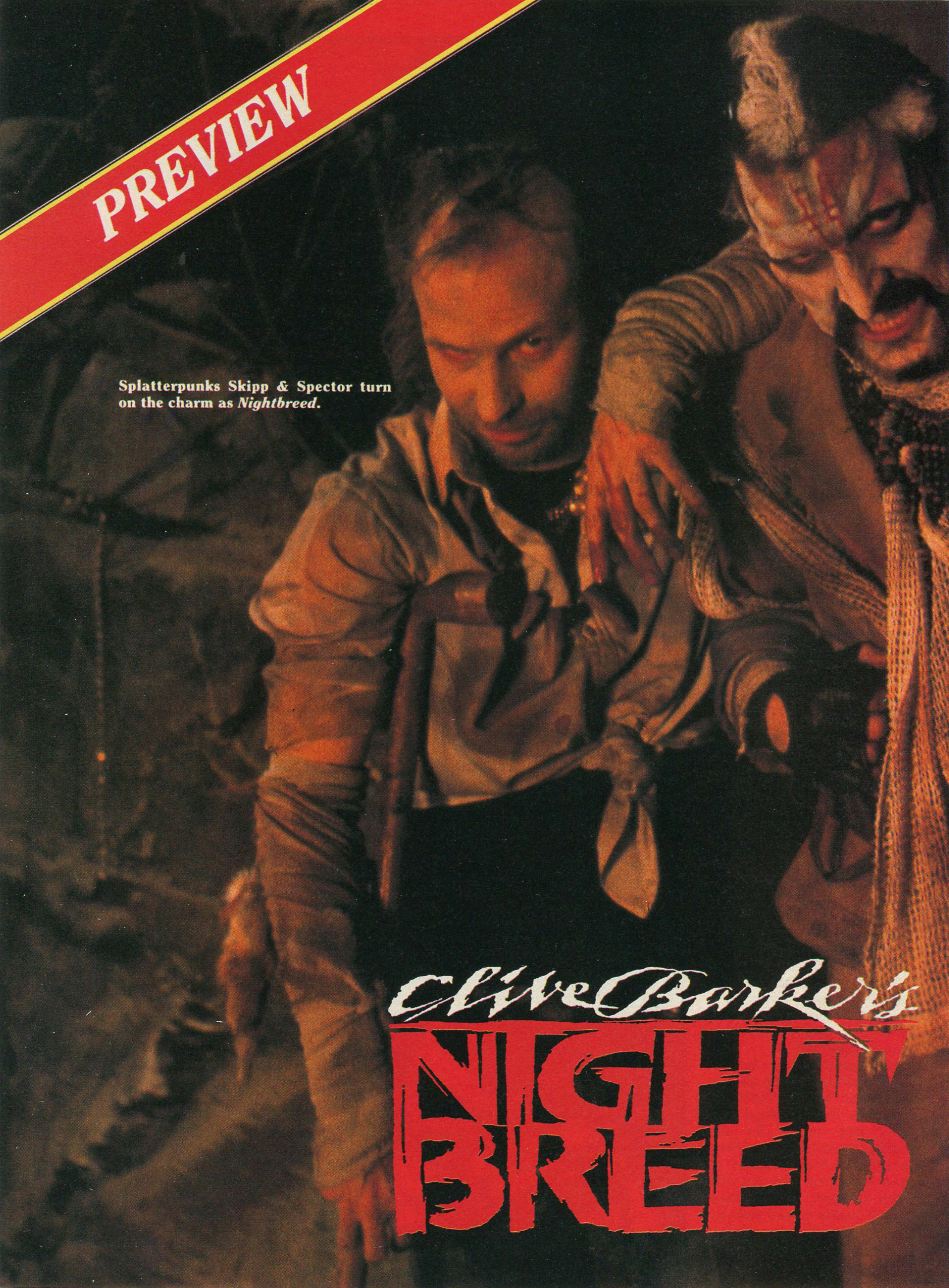
George Kennedy, as the lab's head enchilada, seems asleep on his feet much of the time, like a college student who pulled an all-nighter studying for a final exam and then realized it wasn't until the next day. Andrew Stevens, a name that doesn't come immediately to mind when you think "action hero," is nonetheless pretty good, all butched-up and scowling as he stalks the passageways of the lab, hefting a crossbow. In the heroine department, Starr Andreeff—whose films include *Ghoulies II* and the irredeemable *Nightfall*, a.k.a. "The Science-Fiction Trailer That Never Ends"—is reminiscent of Shelley Duvall in the waiflike quality department, although she doesn't have Duvall's acting chops. The second female lead, Terri Treas, pretty much steals the show from everyone else, just as she did in another Concorde horror pic, *The Nest*, in which she played the unforgettable scientist who gets off on roach bites. Here, she's a gutsy heroine in the '50s B-horror mode, tough but tender, smart and resourceful, and pretty doggone good-looking, too.

You aren't going to see much you haven't seen before in *The Terror Within*, and its threadbare budget frequently shows through, but it still manages to deliver about as much suspense and horror as *Leviathan*, which probably cost 10 times as much, and *Deepstar Six*, which probably cost half as much as *Leviathan*. So, in terms of dollar value anyway, the folks behind this cheap, familiar, but serviceable picture—including, of course, Concorde head Roger Corman—have something to be proud of.



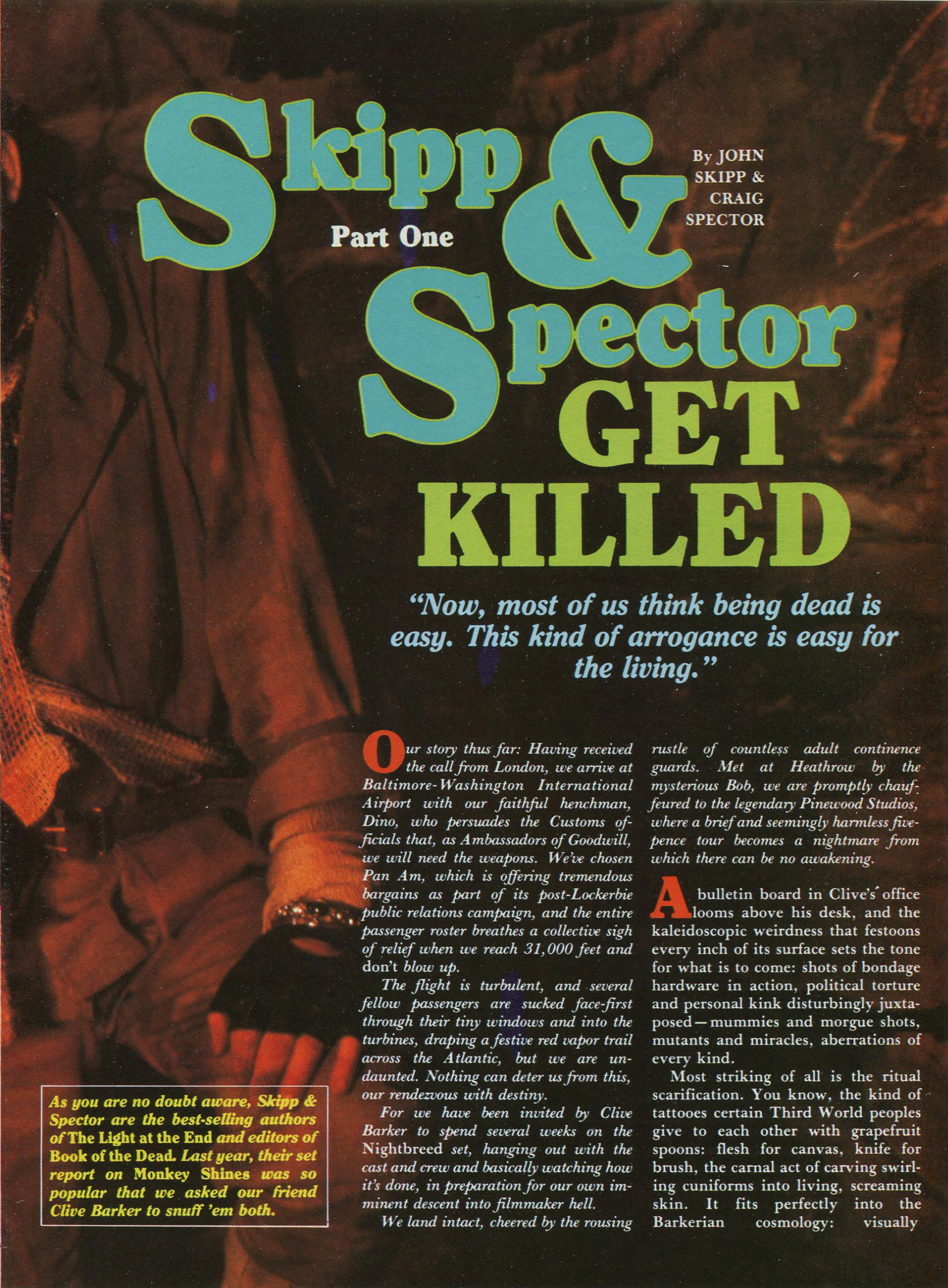
***The Terror Within*, now stalking video shelves.**

PREVIEW



Splatterpunks Skipp & Spector turn on the charm as *Nightbreed*.

Clive Barker's NIGHTBREED



Skipp & Spector GET KILLED

Part One

By JOHN SKIPP & CRAIG SPECTOR

"Now, most of us think being dead is easy. This kind of arrogance is easy for the living."

Our story thus far: Having received the call from London, we arrive at Baltimore-Washington International Airport with our faithful henchman, Dino, who persuades the Customs officials that, as Ambassadors of Goodwill, we will need the weapons. We've chosen Pan Am, which is offering tremendous bargains as part of its post-Lockerbie public relations campaign, and the entire passenger roster breathes a collective sigh of relief when we reach 31,000 feet and don't *blow up.*

The flight is turbulent, and several fellow passengers are sucked face-first through their tiny windows and into the turbines, draping a festive red vapor trail across the Atlantic, but we are undaunted. Nothing can deter us from this, our rendezvous with destiny.

For we have been invited by Clive Barker to spend several weeks on the Nightbreed *set, hanging out with the cast and crew and basically watching how it's done, in preparation for our own imminent descent into filmmaker hell.*

We land intact, cheered by the rousing rustle of countless adult continence guards. Met at Heathrow by the mysterious Bob, we are promptly chauffeured to the legendary Pinewood Studios, where a brief and seemingly harmless five-pence tour becomes a nightmare from which there can be no awakening.

A bulletin board in Clive's office looms above his desk, and the kaleidoscopic weirdness that festoons every inch of its surface sets the tone for what is to come: shots of bondage hardware in action, political torture and personal kink disturbingly juxtaposed—mummies and morgue shots, mutants and miracles, aberrations of every kind.

Most striking of all is the ritual scarification. You know, the kind of tattooes certain Third World peoples give to each other with grapefruit spoons: flesh for canvas, knife for brush, the carnal act of carving swirling cuniforms into living, screaming skin. It fits perfectly into the Barkerian cosmology: visually

As you are no doubt aware,* Skipp & Spector *are the best-selling authors of* The Light at the End *and editors of* Book of the Dead. *Last year, their set report on* Monkey Shines *was so popular that we asked our friend* Clive Barker *to snuff 'em both.

exciting, sensual and grotesque, permanently altering both the viewed and the viewer.

We stand there, gaping, swigging tea and wallowing in a heady stew of excitement. Anticipation, sleep deprivation, terminal jet lag and in-flight lethargy have left us at something less than peak efficiency, and we're just reaching the point when we wonder what exactly, now that we're here, we are to *do* with ourselves.

Suddenly, in comes Carina, Clive's charming assistant. "Clive wants to know if you'd like to be *dead*," she chimes.

"Is this a trick question?" we want to know. Skipp checks for his pulse, yawns with utter sincerity. "Oh, no. Typecast already."

Spector nods blearily. "Yeah, Method extra work. I think we really understand our motivation." Carina looks at us as if we're nuts. It won't be the last time.

Whisked off to wardrobe, emerging clad in the latest in geek chic and some truly stupid hats, we soon find ourselves on the chilly set of H stage, creeping through the scaffolding, lights and miles of cable, on our way to the set. We pass some sweater and jacket-clad crew members, busily emptying economy sized jars of freeze-dried Nescafe into a large steel tub, stirring the resulting mass

Death is hard work, boys 'n' girls . . . You take your mark, close your eyes, hold your breath and pray.

A display of Decker's handiwork.

Clive Barker takes a hands-on approach, personally splattering punk Skipp...

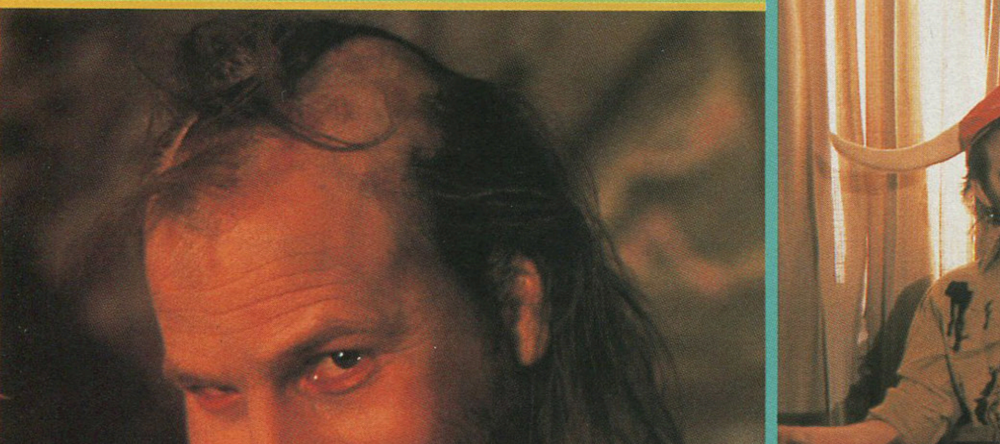
All Photos: Murray Close/Copyright 1989 20th Century Fox

into a thick reddish black stew. They smile and nod as we press onward into the labyrinth.

We are ushered onto the set, a cheesy hotel room surrounded by and packed with the bustling first unit crew. We are informed that we're a couple of freshly dead poker players, courtesy of Dr. Decker, the psycho therapist. This is good news: To be murdered by David Cronenberg is to once have truly lived. The room is being pretrashed in anticipation of the shot. Smashed furniture collapses in the corners, jagged holes get punched through the plaster walls, a broken lamp flickers arrhythmically, eerie shadows dance upon the walls. Grinning, ponytailed Little John makes our exposed flesh nice and pasty as we await camera setups.

Then Clive rounds the corner, trademark power cigar puffing, radiating bouyant charm and enthusiasm. It's clear that this is a man who *loves* his work. He positions us for the show, with Spector leaning back, throat exposed, behind Decker's signature house of cards, and Skipp slumped facedown on the table. Clive finishes posing us, and we settle in, laughing. Easy gig, we think.

...and Spector



The authors enjoyed their set visit so much that they plan on creating their own films in the near future.

Then Clive requests the blood. A *lot* of blood.

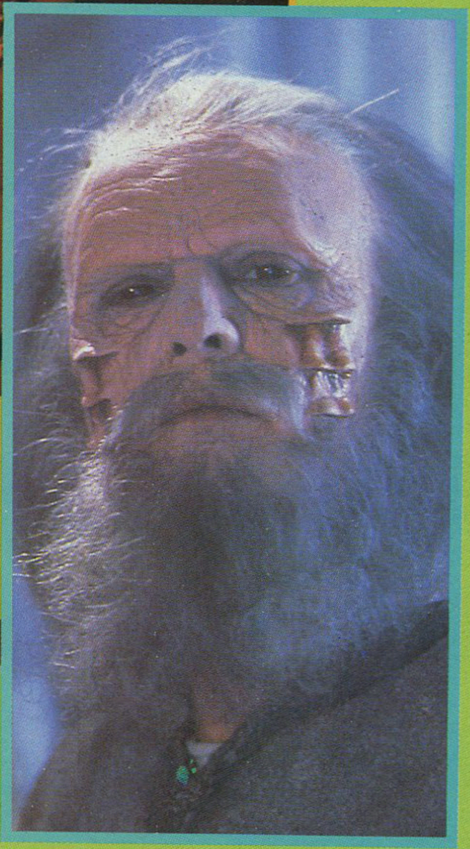
In comes the tub, brimming with the same thick, evil-looking goo we saw them caffeinating earlier. Mixed with stage blood, the coffee gives a deep, dark richness to Clive's special sauce. He dips his hand in, to the wrist. "There's an *art* to this!" he gleefully informs the room at large. He smiles as he withdraws his dripping hand.

And the blood begins to fly.

Artful gouts spray the walls, the cards on the table, our working class duds. Eventually Clive gets to us, and we suddenly realize why the crew is smiling. Room temperature on this soundstage is maybe 60 degrees Fahrenheit . . . maybe. This stuff is COLD. A long, dark runnel

You'll read all about S & S's second *Nightbreed* acting stint next issue.

It's easy for Skipp to find his mark, since there's a faceprint in his bloodpool.



Lylesburg (Doug Bradley) resembles a sort of Moses of the monster world.

pours across Spector's slashed throat, cascades down to soak the table, and beyond. Spector suddenly regrets wearing his real underwear. The blood dances. The blood flies. Skipp gets an earful that quickly spills over, pasting his face to the thick, congealed pool that spreads across the surface of the table. We laugh and try to hold still.

Clive adds a few finishing touches to the blood canvas, and then gives us our cues, such as they are: We're dead. When the camera rolls, we should close our eyes, hold our breath, and be *dead*.

Now, most of us think being dead is easy. When a corpse blinks or twitches on screen, we scoff. This kind of arrogance is easy for the living. A little *too* easy. When it's *your* face they dolly into until the pores on your nose seem big enough to parallel park in—when they hang there for what seems like forever, dwelling on your deadness as the cameras hum and dollar signs with little cartoon wings on them dance in your head—when you are, however briefly, the sudden, inescapable focus of the next Clive Barker film, it's a whole 'nother can of worms. Death is hard work, boys 'n' girls. Death is a bitch. You take your mark, close your eyes, hold your breath and *pray*.

Hours pass as they shoot the scene from a multitude of angles. We just keep getting deader and deader, what with the frequent touch-up drenchings to keep the blood "wet" enough, and the jet lag settling into our systems like embalming fluid. We break periodically, while they reposition the cameras, and take the time to stretch and talk with the cast and crew. The *Nightbreed* team is competent, relaxed and friendly, and the overall air on the set is one of *family*. The quiet laughter of a dozen conversations burbles in the background as the next shot takes shape. Clive is gracious under pressure, joking with everyone, remembering birthdays, commanding the proceedings with deft skill and charm.

Too soon, we come to our finale: The door of the room is to blow open, scattering Decker's house of cards to the winds. It's tricky. The house of cards is by nature very fragile and takes a long time to build; the slightest jarring of the table can cost another painstaking half hour's work. The first one collapsed just as it was finished, and Little John takes extra precautions this time, spraying each card with a fixative to help them grip.

The house is finished, a delicate pyramid some seven tiers high. Everyone takes their positions. It's easy for Skipp to find his mark, since there's a face print in his bloodpool, a congealed intaglio accurate down to the tiniest facial stubble, which he has to slide into without upsetting the deck. Spector sinks into his chair and eases up to the table, his neck and shoulders cramping into a now familiar Quasimodo-like hunch. The lights are bright; the blood is cold. And everyone is watching.

Clive hunkers beside Robin Vidgeon, the director of photography, and calls for quiet on the set. The background murmurs subside as the cameras start to roll.

Then: "Action!"

The door blows open on a gust of evil breeze. The house of cards scatters. Skipp and Spector hold their collective breath. . .

And death takes a holiday.

Later, we're ushered back through the bleak English drizzle to the dressing rooms, to strip and shower off the day's accumulated grue. We're tired and exhilarated, happy that in a few short hours we've gone from strangers on the set to feeling like a part of it all, new members of the Nightbreed *family.*

The showers are a godsend. Standing in the hot, steaming spray, revelling in what a fantastic opportunity, how great a learning experience, how much sheer fun *this has been, we're suddenly overwhelmed by the smell of coffee. We look down to see black blood sluicing down the drain.*

And it's only the beginning---

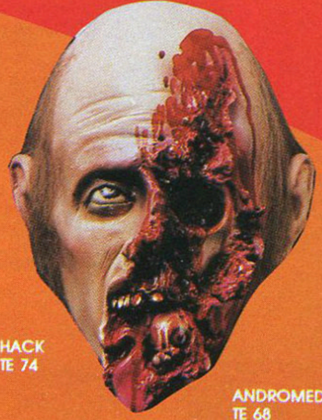
Coming Soon! Peter Atkins and the cycle slut sisters from hell! Midian in flames! Dino in diapers! Squibs and falsies and much more!!!

the stuff

Nightmares

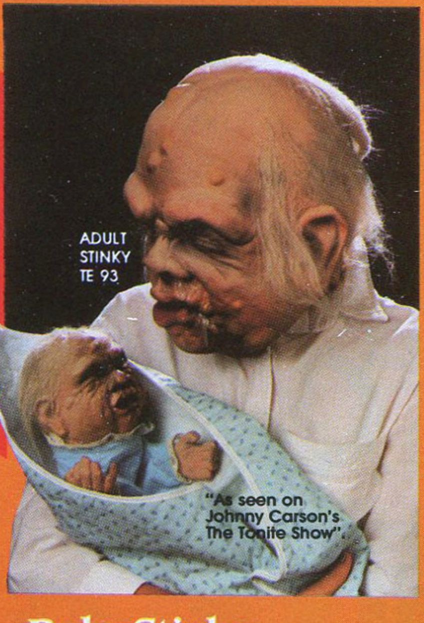
are made of. . . .

SCREAMER
TE 89


HACK
TE 74

ANDROMEDA
TE 68

Not for the squeemish —
or weak-hearted.
This hearty array of manufactured mayhem can be delivered right to your door!
(If you can bear to open it.)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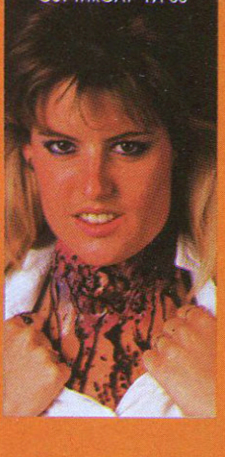
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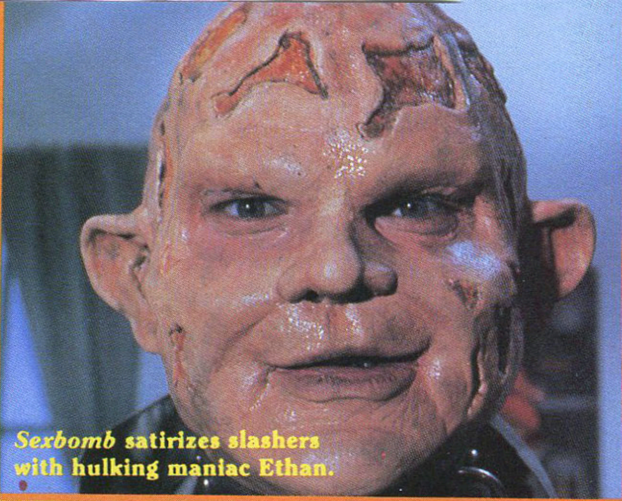
*SYNGENOR ©Scared To Death, Bill Malone Productions

HorrorScope

Linnea Quigley is NOT a Sexbomb



Sexbomb satirizes slashers with hulking maniac Ethan.

Don't worry, Linnea.
Bigger doesn't mean better.

Photos: Copyright Film Barn Productions

Photo: Copyright 1989 Scott Coulter

Scott Coulter supplied the movie's ambitious makeup FX, including this werewolf transformation.

At this point in Linnea Quigley's career, it doesn't make sense to ask what new low-budget genre film she's in; better ask what such film she's *not* in. This month's Linnea appearance is in the comic thriller *Sexbomb*, and the first surprise is that she doesn't have the title role.

"Linnea is the star of the film, even though she's not the sex bomb," clarifies director Jeff Broadstreet. "The sex bomb is played by Delia Sheppard, and she's trying to get a young screenwriter to murder her husband, a sleazy low-budget film producer named King Faraday. He's sort of a cross between Roger Corman and Sam Arkoff by way of Russ Meyer. He hires this young writer to work for him, and that's when the girl tries to get the writer to kill him. The writer wants nothing to do with it."

Linnea is cast in the film as Phoebe Love, a horror film actress described by one character in the film as "a regular Doris Karloff." It's a satire of her real-life success as a low-budget scream queen, and indeed, a good deal of *Sexbomb* is devoted to poking fun at the production of horror cheapies.

"The film has a horror backdrop," explains Broadstreet of his horror debut, "consisting of two movies being made within the movie. One is *I Rip Your Flesh With Pliers*, starring a new character named Ethan [Mike MacFarlane], who's sort of like Jason with an upside-down jockstrap as his mask. The second movie is called *Werewolves in Heat*, and it features just about the most loony, over-the-top transformation you're ever going to see. The final outcome looks like a perverted Wile E. Coyote."

True to its subject, all the craziness of *Sexbomb* was shot on a low budget, under a very tight schedule. Originally, Broadstreet and writer Robert Benson had planned to collaborate on a horror comedy called *Blood Fury*, "a movie about rage, chainsaws and Elvis," but by the time the script was finished, it became clear that the necessary budget would be too big. So the pair developed *Sexbomb* as a deliberately low-budget project, with the original idea inspired by Angelyne, California's goddess of self-promotion.

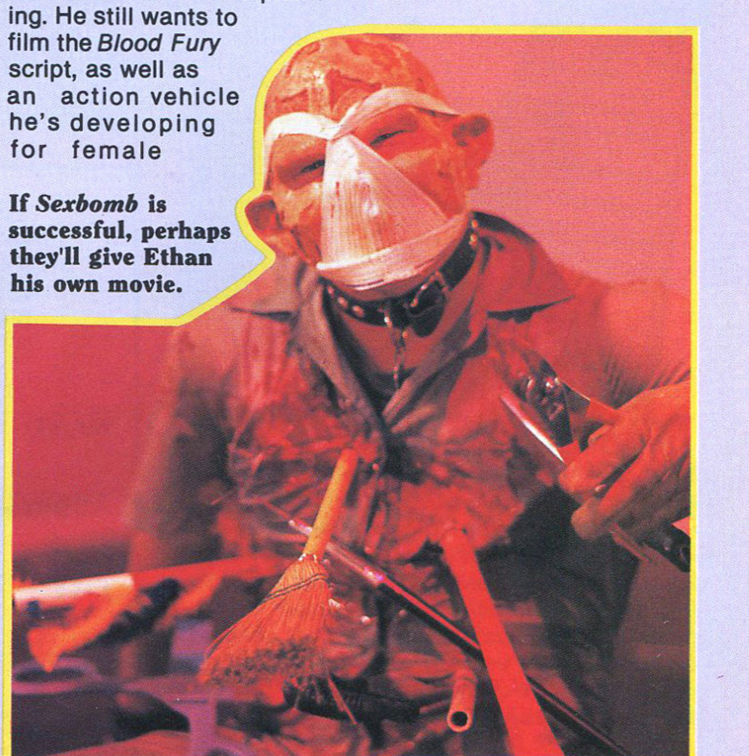
In fact, reveals Broadstreet, "we tried to get Angelyne for the lead, and we wanted John Waters for the role of the screenwriter. But we couldn't do it for the budget we had." Still, Broadstreet did manage to land the obligatory horror film veteran, in this case Robert (*Count Yorga, Vampire*) Quarry, who plays King Faraday. And for the obligatory horror magazine cameo, Broadstreet had the good taste to choose FANGORIA.

Once production was underway, Broadstreet economized in every way he could, getting free use of a soundstage from a friend and using many other favors. "You can only do that once," laughs Broadstreet, who promises a finished film that will belie its budget. "There's a lot of camera movement in the film, and we have some pretty sophisticated makeup effects [by Scott Coulter]. And we'll be mixing it in Ultra-Stereo."

If Broadstreet has one regret, it's that the nine-day shooting schedule didn't allow him as much time as he would have liked to work with horror's two big Qs. "Robert Quarry was very good; you'll be impressed by some of his scenes," Broadstreet says. "He's not afraid to take chances and be funny. He has one line as King Faraday where he says, 'We're very lucky to have Phoebe Love under contract. We've got her for six pictures or six weeks, whichever comes first.' And Linnea was extra-professional, she really knew where to underscore the laugh lines. We had her committed to *Sexbomb* before we had a script, and she's already committed to doing our next project, *Men in Black*. She's going to star and co-produce with me."

That film, in which Linnea will play a high school gym coach who investigates the mutilations of her students ("It's going to be a wild ride, a sci-fi/horror film with a very dark edge," vows Broadstreet), is just one of several movies the director is planning. He still wants to film the *Blood Fury* script, as well as an action vehicle he's developing for female bodybuilder Spice (*Star Trek V*) Williams, and an upcoming collaboration with Dan O'Bannon. But for now, he's waiting on the release later this year of *Sexbomb*, which he feels will help him on the way to the bigger projects. "Once you get a track record," he says, "all of a sudden, people take you seriously."

—Michael Gingold



If *Sexbomb* is successful, perhaps they'll give Ethan his own movie.

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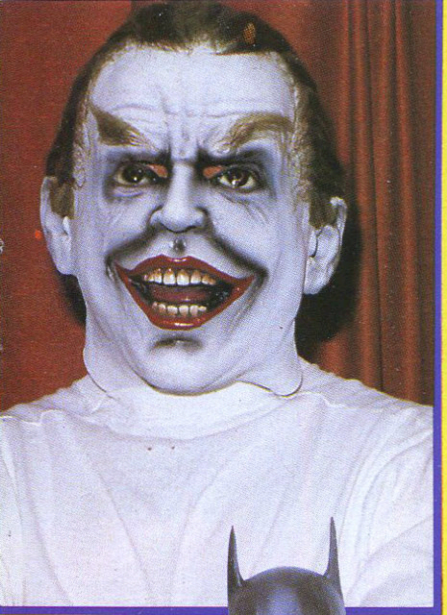

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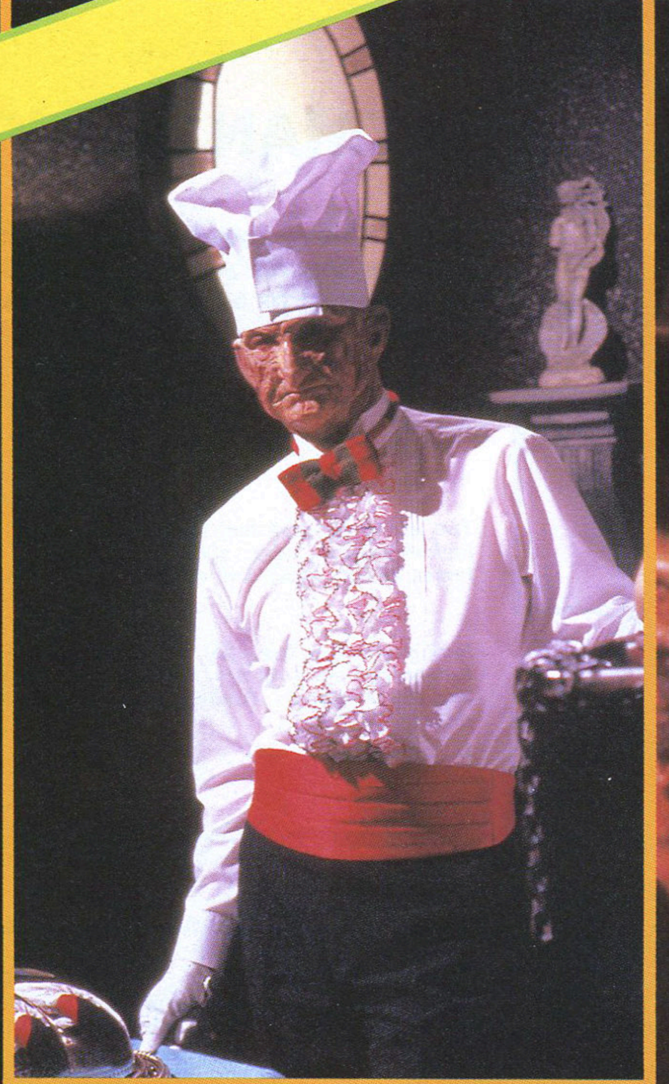


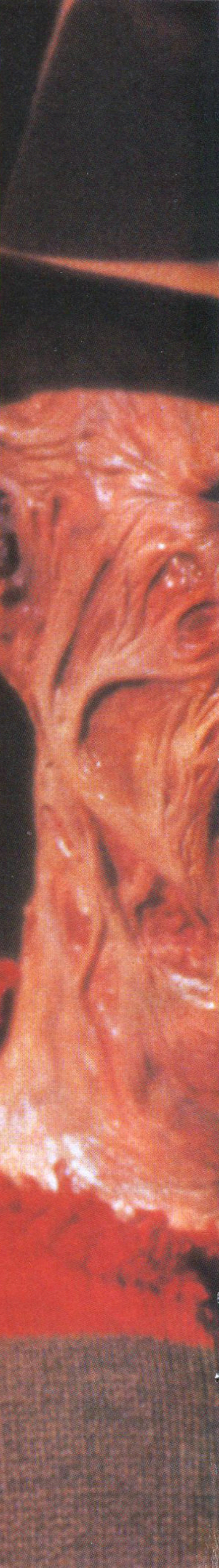
There's no truth to the rumor that Freddy will co-host the next Julia Child cooking show.

Stephen Hopkins:

An Englishman on Elm Street

By MARC SHAPIRO

"I had to think about what makes a good horror film. . . making Freddy less jokey and more brutal was the key."



Stephen Hopkins is willing to give you an answer. The problem is you've got to catch up with him long enough to ask the question.

"Pressure?" he asks. "What kind of pressure could there possibly be? I'm only doing *Part 5* of one of the most successful movie series ever conceived. It's obviously a tough act to follow."

It took the better part of a morning on the set of *A Nightmare on Elm Street*

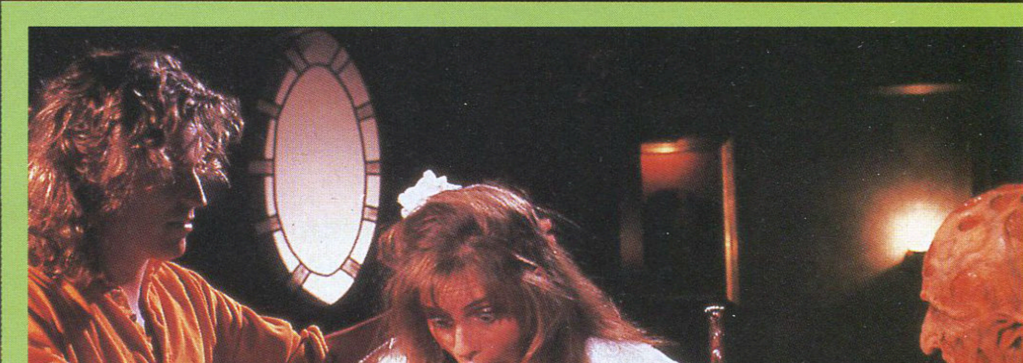
5: The Dream Child to pry this much info from the director. The reason? Let Hopkins explain it.

"What I've very quickly discovered is that *Nightmare* films are all very last minute. They were already a week into preproduction without a script when I signed aboard, and we've been through nine drafts of the script since I've been here. I'm running around here directing three and four units a day. Basically, I'm tearing my hair out," he laughs.

Hopkins, as if to prove the point, is suddenly off at a gallop, his chiseled features contorted in thought and his shoulder-length hair flying askew. His first stop is a rather straightforward scene in the Crave Inn, where he directs Lisa Wilcox through what he describes as a "simple point A to point B scene."

A squawk on an assistant director's walkie-talkie sends Hopkins across the soundstage, down a flight of stairs and into the middle of the "gutting of Greta" sequence. Hopkins, looking more an overworked rock star than a director, converses briefly with Robert Englund and the second unit director before overseeing the shots in progress. Another squawk sends Hopkins flying up the stairs and back to the continuation of the scene with Wilcox. "I've definitely become physically fit since I started this film," Hopkins chuckles during a break in the action.

The young director has certainly



Director Stephen Hopkins (left) punishes Greta (Erika Anderson) for her bad table manners.

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KNB EFX Group handled the sequel's Freddy vs. Alice transformation.

Photo: Courtesy KNB EFX Group

> **"It was never my intention to throw all kinds of blood and guts up on the screen."**

become the topic of critical praise from those involved in *Nightmare 5*. "He's a director with a lot of imagination," applauds visual FX coordinator Alan Munro. "He just lets you run wild."

Robert Englund says it more succinctly. "He's a hot and horny Aussie with a world of talent. It gets me excited just walking on a soundstage when he's there."

Much of what has people thrilled is Hopkins' approach to filmmaking, which the director describes as equal parts comic books and *Citizen Kane*.

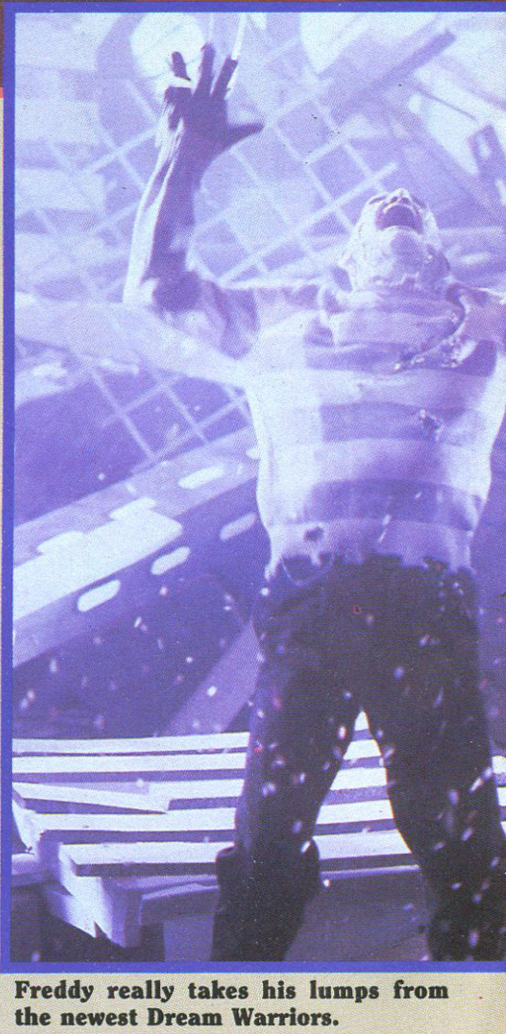
"I started out drawing comic books when I lived in England," he explains, "and what I learned from comics was the importance of composition and story depth. I'm also very fond of old '40s movies and the Orson Welles way of making movies, lots of deep perspective and wide lenses.

"If I've got a style, it's very extreme," he continues. "I'll bend over backwards to get everything in one shot which, to me, makes a scene much more believable than always going for a lot of quick cuts. I'm always trying to do what is correct for a scene. I'm not an egomaniac on the set. If a scene is laid out and the action is correct, that should tell you what to do."

Hopkins' style has been much in evidence on *Nightmare 5*. While still a major FX exercise, his sharp camera angles and extreme focuses have taken on a creative life of their own, often doubling as another special effect in a way that hasn't been seen since the heyday of William Castle.

"I've got the advantage of doing a film in a series where each film has taken a different visual approach," Hopkins says. "Freddy is the only constant. What I've done is take that constant and move the film more in the direction of a mystery and a ghost story. I've never been a real fan of gore, and so it was never my intention to throw all kinds of blood and guts up on the screen."

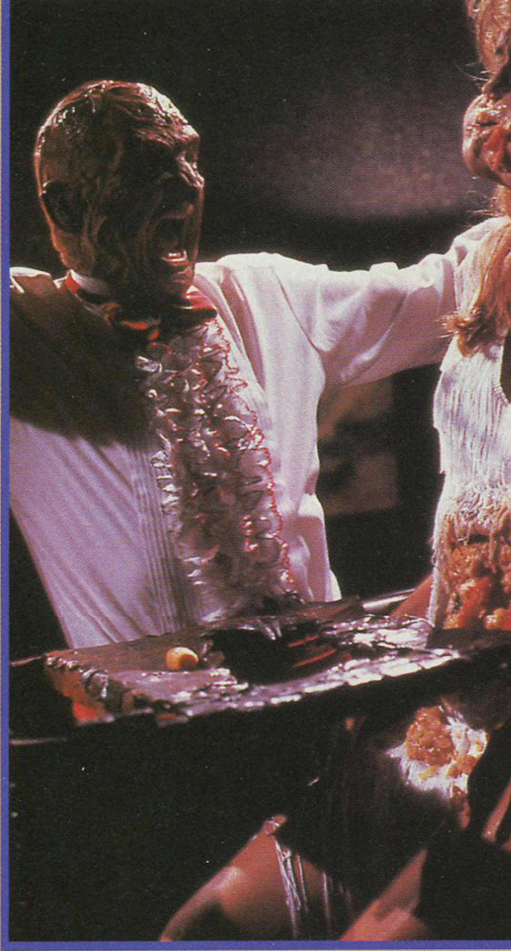
The transplanted Englishman's intent



Freddy really takes his lumps from the newest Dream Warriors.

The director says he wanted to keep Mr. Fingerknives in the shadows.

> "What I learned from drawing comics was the importance of composition and story depth."



Between our Freddy tie-in magazine, FANGORIA and now GOREZONE, we've captioned over 100 *Nightmare on Elm Street 5* photos. Mind if we skip just this one?

Actor Danny Hassel finally realizes why the producers didn't option him for another *Nightmare* film.

was to literally put Freddy back into the shadows. "Freddy, to my way of thinking, has become too overexposed," he criticizes. "People know he's coming, so his appearance is not necessarily frightening. So I had to think about what makes a good horror movie and what gets the old adrenaline pumping. In the case of *Nightmare 5*, I found that making Freddy less jokey and more brutal in his actions was the key."

The key to Hopkins' roots lies on the other side of the Atlantic. He was born in Jamaica, and moved to England where, after a stint at comic book illustration, he jumped to storyboarding and set design for rock video pioneer Russell (*Razorback*) Mulcahy. Slowly but surely, Hopkins made the switch from set designer to director of rock videos and commercials.

Hopkins' work soon made him the darling of superstar rockers in need of a visual fix and, over the past seven years, led him to direct videos for the likes of Mick Jagger, Tina Turner, Billy Idol and Elton John.

"I always had an eye toward directing motion pictures," Hopkins recalls. "I had pretty much done everything I had set out to do in video and set design. I felt that film was the next logical step."

That step came when Hopkins' old mentor, Russell Mulcahy, made him an offer he intially refused.

"Russell was getting ready to start work on *Highlander* and wanted me to do the set designing on the film," Hopkins explains. "I did not feel up to it and really did not want to do it, so I said no to the set design offer. So Russell went away and came back a while later with the offer of directing second unit. I said yes."

He spent the next 14 weeks hopscotching from Scotland to London and finally New York.

"Here I was, this 24-year-old kid learning as I went along and basically flying by the seat of my pants," he laughs. "But I came out of that experience convinced that I could direct my own film."

Hopkins got the opportunity shortly after *Highlander*, in the guise of something very B and low-budget called *A Dangerous Game*.

Filmed in Australia and due for U.S. release in the not too distant future, *A Dangerous Game* tells the tale of a group of rebellious teens who sneak into a department store after closing. Unfortunately, so does a crazed cop who has been hassling the kids and looks at the department store caper as a perfect opportunity to off the punks. The big question is, who offs who? The big question handed to Hopkins was whether he could make a silk purse out of this porker.

"The story was stupid," he admits, "and I thought the script was mediocre at best. But I felt that if I played with it a bit, something decent could come of it."

Hopkins turned this potential stiff into what he calls a "tension-packed Gothic-style thriller." Several people saw this initial effort and liked it—among them, some blokes at New Line who were right in the middle of their hunt for a director to helm *Nightmare 5*.

"*A Dangerous Game* came to New Line's attention," recalls Hopkins, "and I came over from Australia to the States around Christmas of last year. I sat down with Robert Englund and the producers over some Thai food to discuss things."

Englund remembers the particulars of that Thai talkabout. "He seemed real excited and had some great ideas," the actor recalls. "But what clinched Hopkins for me was when he whipped out some storyboarded scenes for us to take a look at. I thought, 'God! Those things are beautiful.' After I got past the idea of stealing one of them when he wasn't looking, I knew Stephen had the right attitude and creative ideas to direct a *Nightmare*."

Hopkins went back to Australia and hadn't been home more than a few days when he got a call that *Nightmare 5* was his and that, "I should get my butt back to America."

Once on line, he quickly adapted to the rigors of spearheading a Freddy flick. "None of it has been easy," Hopkins confesses. "Shooting three and four units a day on every set is hardly a walk in the park. A lot of it has been difficult because we're shooting so many effects sequences in bits and pieces over a long period of time. It's mentally fatiguing trying to remember what every shot's for. It's tough to keep your concentration and focus when everything is being shot at such a high speed.

"But hey, mate," he chuckles. "It's getting done."

Hopkins is about to go into more detail when the telltale squawk and "they need you upstairs, Stephen" interrupts still another attempt at sustained conversation. The director shrugs his shoulders, rolls his eyes, mutters a quick apology and is off at a gallop, offering the picture most people are getting of Hopkins these days—the back of his head dissappearing around a corner.

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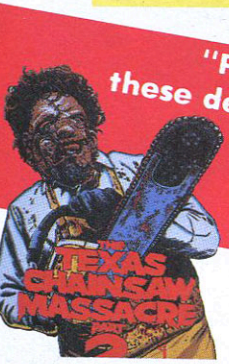

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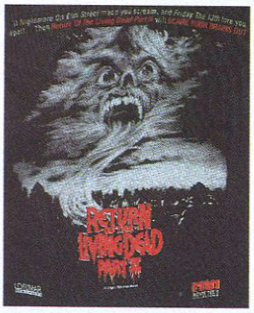

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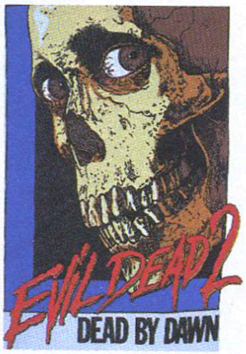

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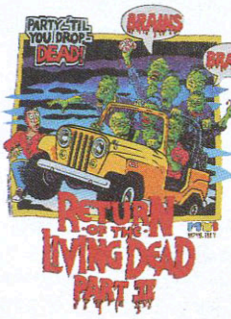
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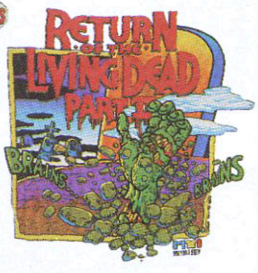

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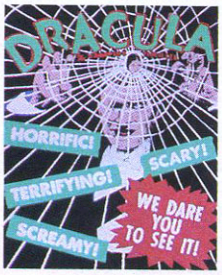
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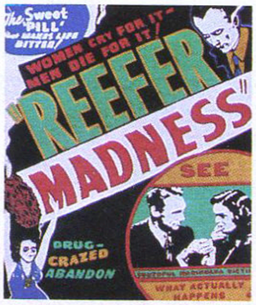
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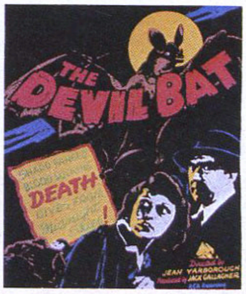
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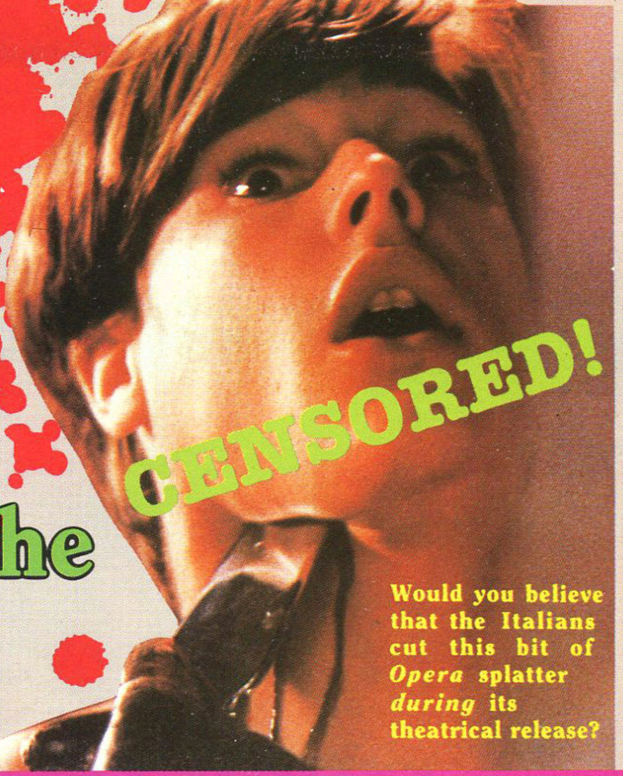
VIDEO WATCHDOG

By TIM LUCAS

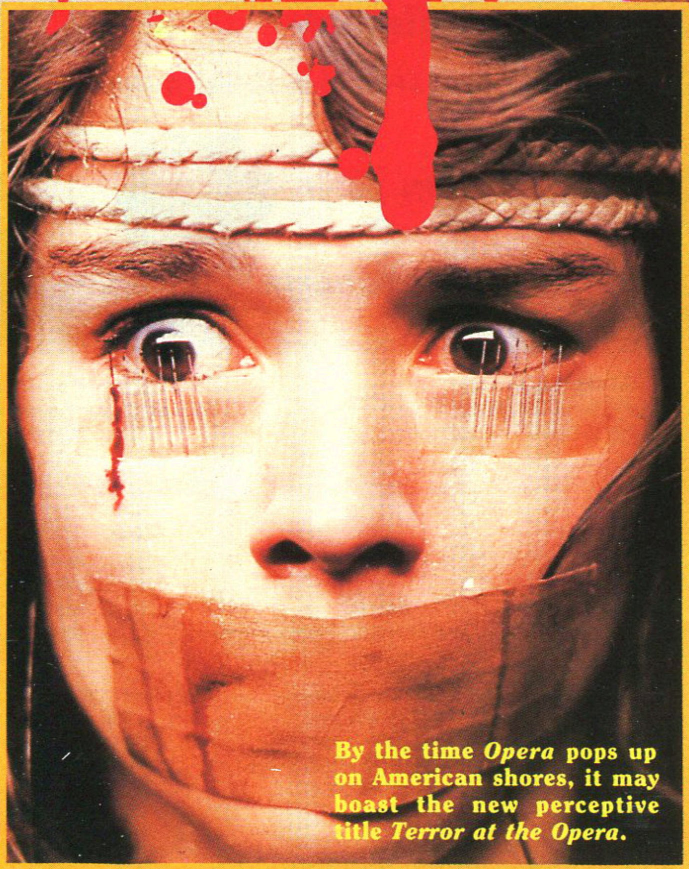
OPERA What the Censors Saw!



Would you believe that the Italians cut this bit of *Opera* splatter *during* its theatrical release?

Opera Photos: Courtesy Maitland McDonagh

Argento suffered his worst critical drubbing with *Opera*, and then the censors put their two lire in.

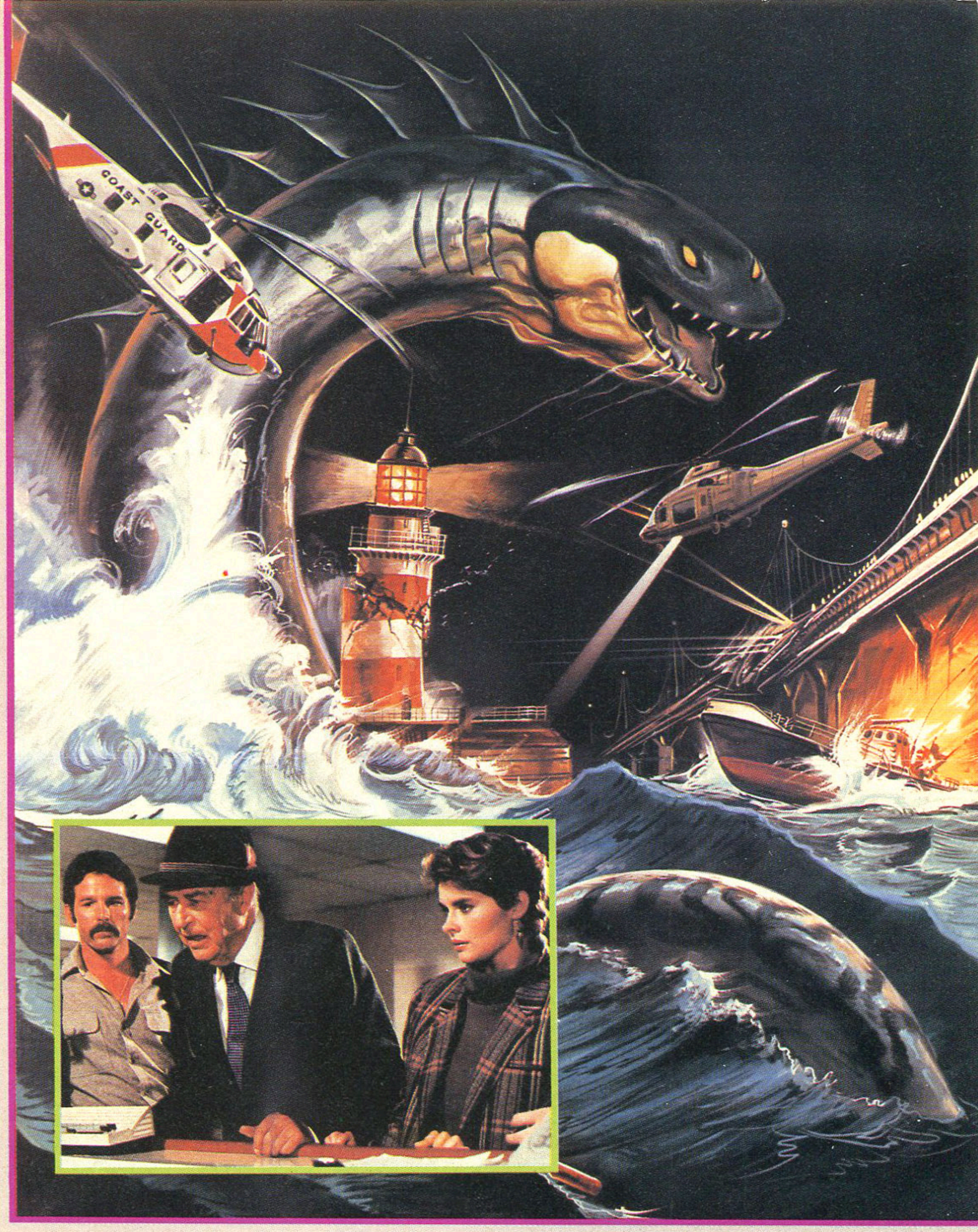


By the time *Opera* pops up on American shores, it may boast the new perceptive title *Terror at the Opera*.

Sadly, most GoreZonians have by now surrendered all hope of ever giving a complete and unabridged print of Dario Argento's *Opera* their undivided attention. The uncut version played Italy only three weeks before all circulating prints were subjected to cuts, which diluted the once-X-level slayride to PG-13 incoherence. It was this version, shorn of barely more than a single (albeit a highly eventful) minute, that surfaced last year in specialty video stores and on the menus of undercounter video services. Orion, the domestic distributor (ha!) of *Opera*, has heralded their tax write-off plans for the picture with announcements of a title change (*Terror at the Opera*—what's next, *Hilarity at the Police Academy*?) and the hacking-away of still another 12 to 13 minutes, which will reduce the cost of prints for nonexistent theatrical playdates and render the future video release (if that's not *too* much of a pipe dream) worse than worthless.

While the long-anticipated Japanese laserdisc of *Opera* remains unreleased as of this writing, the Watchdog feels it may be of some value, to those readers holding edited bootleg copies of the film, to itemize the content of the cut footage. Five major cuts were made.

The First Murder: This murder occurs in a box seat reserved for stage workers,



***The Sea Serpent* cast (inset) sadly realizes that there's nothing in the movie nearly as exciting as the video box's artwork.**

when the killer is discovered admiring Betty's debut performance by a passing usher. While we see the usher's head fatally slammed against the metal protuberance of a cloak rack in the cut version, the full version shows him repeatedly impaled there with a fervor that recalls *Deep Red*'s classic scene of Eros Pagni's front teeth slamming again and again against the edges of furniture. Also trimmed was a shot of the killer shaking great dollops of his victim's blood off his dainty box seat binoculars.

The Bird Scene: As the killer ruins Betty's Lady Macbeth costume, he is annoyed by the squawking of ravens witnessing this act of sabotage from the stage. The cut version shows only one raven killed by a swipe of the killer's blade, whereas the complete scene included an additional shot of a raven being roughed about by black-gloved hands prior to being nailed by the same weapon. In its original form, the scene lingered on the ravens' fury at their misuse and contained shots of them pecking angrily at the door through which the killer flees to avoid discovery. (Incidentally, this scene features no actual mistreatment of the birds, just a reasonably convincing illusion.)

The Second Murder: The death of Stefan, Betty's would-be lover, whose seduction plans are thwarted by her avowals of frigidity. Returning to his bedroom in response to Betty's muffled screams, he finds her roped to a marble column with a series of needles taped below each eye. "If you try to close your eyes," the killer purrs, "you'll tear them apart!" As Stefan walks into medium closeup to free her, the cuts begin.

Stefan is stabbed upwards through the neck, under the jaw. As heavy metal music overwhelms the soundtrack with mercilessly chugging rhythm, shots of Betty's eyes behind rows of blood-flecked needles alternate with shots of Stefan's open mouth, the dagger's point wiggling around in the fountain of gore inside. As Stefan falls, the black-hooded killer stabs him repeatedly through the palms of the hands he puts pitifully forward in self-defense. The killer lifts Stefan's head from the floor by the hair, then lets it drop, turning his attention to Betty.

This may be the bloodiest scene Argento has ever shot.

The Third Murder: The opera company's ditzy wardrobe mistress, Julia (Antonella Vitale, who's given the film's most embarrassing dialogue), locates the killer's ID bracelet in the chains of Betty's ruined costume while trying to repair it. Betty, waiting for her wardrobe while Julie examines it under a magnifying glass in the adjoining room, is again lassoed with needles taped under her eyes, placed this time inside one of Julia's glass display cases. The missing footage from this scene begins with Julia running from the killer and falling onto her back, the bracelet secreted inside her mouth. (On the soundtrack, a song called "There's No Escape" thunders forth.) The killer thrusts a pair of Julia's own dressmaker's shears into her stomach. He tries prying her clenched teeth open with his hunting knife. Betty stares helplessly, tiny rivulets of blood tracking down the pins. The killer uses the shears to cut open the neck of Julia's blouse, then—illustrated only with a truly sickening, crunching sound—performs on her a crude tracheotomy.

At this point, the camera zooms into the tape over Betty's screaming mouth. There is a deliberately out-of-focus

Photo: Cinevista

Pedro Almodovar's *Matador* details a man's obsession with Jess Franco and Mario Bava movies. The Watchdog should consult his lawyers.

shot of the killer's hand removing the glittering bracelet from a gaping cavity in Julia's throat. (It is rumored that Argento was less than pleased with Sergio Stivaletti's *Opera* makeup FX, which may explain why this vivid scene is mostly left to the viewer's imagination.)

Perhaps the *Blood and Black Lace* clip in *Matador* will lead to a new Bava revival.

Blutige Seide

Photo: Courtesy Tim Lucas

The Ravens' Attack: When the unforgiving ravens are set free in the theater, in hopes they will descend upon the killer, they do indeed find their man. Missing from the shortened version of *Opera* are a few brief, mosaical shots of the evildoer's eye being pecked from its socket, and a deliciously disgusting shot of the dislodged orb itself in the beak of a raven strutting below the auditorium's now-vacant seats. The bird swallows the eye, then regurgitates it.

Since the American release of *Opera* seems a lost cause, here's hoping that the Japanese laserdisc (not to mention import cassettes) won't be much longer in arriving. The Watchdog will keep an eye out for announcements and pass them on to you, when available.

SO WHERE IS SUSPIRIA?

OK, Magnum Entertainment missed the May street date for their release of Dario Argento's *Suspiria* on home video. So what happened? According to Magnum's Danny Kopels, the video's release date was unavoidably postponed due to legal considerations, but the runway now stands clear for *Suspiria* to hit video stores October 5. There could be no better Halloween release.

Kopels further informs me that Argento himself has prepared a new video transfer from the film's original, uncut, unrated, three-strip Technicolor negative, which has been re-recorded in digital Hi-Fi stereo. Best of all, Magnum has announced their (brave and commendable) intention to do this movie right, by releasing *Suspiria* LETTERBOXED, for the first time on video anywhere in the world, preserving this classic in all its widescreen glory!

Magnum will also make R-rated and non-letterboxed uncut versions available. Because 20th Century Fox (who released the film here, behind the guise of "International Classics") no longer holds the rights to the film, Magnum will adapt their own R-rated version from Argento's master, using a rough tape of the abbreviated American version as a blueprint for whittling certain macabre moments down to exact MPAA standards.

By the way, Fox Hills Video's *Unsane*—the abortive, 91-minute domestic version of Argento's *Tenebrae*—can now be found in K-Marts and other discount video outlets, priced at only $9.95. Available only in VHS format, the tape is recorded in SP (2-hour) mode. Despite the cuts, the $50 price reduction makes *Unsane* worth picking up for its classy packaging, a reproduction of its luscious European ad campaign. For a list of the cuts dealt to this movie, see "The Butchering of Argento" (Fango #66).

MEMOS TO ME, NOTES TO YOU

RCA/Columbia is celebrating the career of Ray

Harryhausen by releasing four of his films at $19.95. The films are *Mysterious Island* (1961), *Jason and the Argonauts* (1963), *The Golden Voyage of Sinbad* (1973), and the never-before-released *The First Men in the Moon* (1966). An example of the master's earlier work has turned up on a budget cassette from Star Classics, *Little Miss Muffet*, which contains Harryhausen's short of the same name, culled from *Mother Goose Stories* (1945), a compendium of four shorts ("Little Miss Muffet," "Old Mother Hubbard," "The Queen of Hearts" and "Humpty Dumpty") which constituted his first widely seen independent work.

Sinister Cinema (PO Box 777, Pacifica, CA 94044) has some notable recent releases, including Fritz Lang's Mephistophelean fantasy *Lilliom* (1934, in French, no subtitles), available for the first time in its original 120-minute length (the 1935 U.S. release ran 85 minutes); *The Amphibian Man* (1962), a curious and extremely rare Soviet fantasy about a man whose turtleneck sweater conceals a set of shark gills; and the highly recommended *Phantom of Soho* (1963), a deliriously lurid entry in the German series of Edgar Wallace & Son adaptations. Sinister's version is the full, never-before-seen 97-minute cut, which includes four extra minutes of dialogue, atmosphere and topless Teutonic dancers. (Incidentally, the Watchdog has been informed that all copies of Sinister Cinema's version of Bava's *Black Sunday*, originally covered here in GOREZONE #8, *do* contain all of the violence previously seen in AIP's theatrical version. The Watchdog based his published litany of cuts on a prerelease copy of the U.K. cassette, which Sinister used as its print source.)

Distinctive Movie Network's *Black Out: The Moment of Terror*, distributed by Fantasy Video, is a retitling of Bill Gunn's 1973 African vampire gem *Ganja and Hess*, a 110-minute film previously issued by Video Gems as *Blood Couple* in a much-truncated 72-minute edition. Although Distinctive is advertising their copies as having a 92-minute length, be warned: *Black Out* is identical to the Video Gems version—only worse-looking.

Lightning Video's *The Sea Serpent*, directed by "Gregory Greens," is actually *La Serpiente del Mar* (1985), the most recent offering from Amando de Ossorio of *Blind Dead* fame. Under the pseudonym "Gordon D. Osmond," de Ossorio also scripted this silly confection, in which all the Spanish actors are badly dubbed with American accents. Star Timothy Bottoms (also dubbed) plays the role of "Pedro." The ubiquitous Jack Taylor appears long enough to provide the film with its best scene, Ray Milland appears in what was likely his cinematic swan song (a trouper to the end, he dubbed his own voice), and noted Spanish horror director Leon Klimovsky (*The Werewolf vs. the Vampire Woman*, *The People Who Own the Dark*, etc.) contributes a cameo as "Dr. Moore."

By the time you read this, Cinevista Video may have released Pedro Almodovar's *Matador* (1986), definitely one of the must-see horror films of the year.

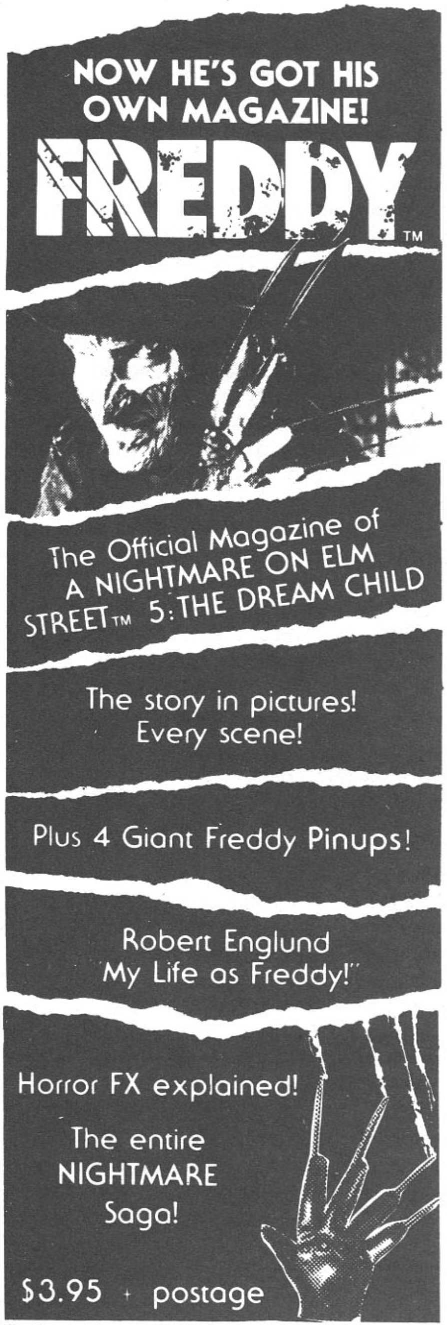
M*atador* is definitely one of the must-see horror films of the year.

Almodovar's recent *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* is still breaking attendance records on the art house circuit, and its success has prompted Cinevista to introduce the rest of the Almodovar catalog to the States. *Matador*, the story of the death-obsessed romance between a once-gored matador and a glamorous murderess, begins with the unforgettable image of the matador hero satisfying himself while viewing on television the most violent scenes from Mario Bava's *Blood and Black Lace* and Jess Franco's *Bloody Moon*! I thought my articles were the only point on the map where the work of these two geniuses converged. While telling this involuted tale of cinephilia, murder, psychic voyeurism and sexual suicide, Almodovar makes additional references to the works of both Bava and Franco, going so far as to recreate the famous bathtub murder from *Blood and Black Lace*. Cinevista has tentative plans for a fall video release, perhaps on their own label. For further information, write them at Cinevista Inc., 353 West 39th Street, New York, NY 10018.

Homages to the great directors of the Italian Golden Age doesn't stop with *Matador*. Virgin Vision's *The Passion of Beatrice* (1987), directed by Bertrand (*Death Watch*) Tavernier, begins with the unexpected dedication "To my friend, Riccardo Freda." This tale of medieval madness and eroticism features a witch-burning doused by Satanic rain (a la *Black Sunday*), dark religous imagery that exceeds anything in Madonna's supposedly controversial "Like a Prayer" video, and second-unit direction by maestro Freda himself. It's his first work to be seen in this country since Wizard's *Fear* (*L'Ossessione che Uccide*, 1980).

Lastly, Walerian Borowczyk's *Bloodlust* (a.k.a. *Dr. Jekyll & Miss Osbourne*), which the Watchdog raved about a couple of issues ago, has gone out of print. A limited number of copies may still be available, however, from Videomania, 2520 N. Lincoln, Suite 129, Chicago, IL 60614.

Keep your eye(s) peeled for Harryhausen hits marked down to $19.95.



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JASON

(continued from page 11)

13th TV series was the best education. It's been a real progression. It's taken me 12 years to get to this point, so it's not like I just jumped into it."

Like most of the people involved in the new *Friday* movie, from producer Randy Cheveldave to star Kane (Jason) Hodder, Hedden is a fanatic about horror movies. He brightens when asked to talk about his fave fright flicks and directors. "I loved *The Dead Zone*," he blurts ouit. "It was the best of Stephen King's stories to be translated into film. So Cronenberg's up there. And certainly John Carpenter. I talked to him before I did this movie, in fact, and told him a little bit of the story, because his film editor, Steve Mirkovich, is cutting my movie. Actually, John called *me* to recommend Steve. It was a huge thrill to have John Carpenter call me up, and I was saying, 'God, I just hope I can make a movie half as good as some of the movies you've made.' And he said, 'Aw, *shaddup*!'"

"And James Cameron is incredible, too. *Terminator* is an *incredible* movie! I want to do things like *Terminator* in *Friday VIII*," Hedden adds, "that kind of pace that's relentless. And certainly *Aliens*—I've tried to do some stuff in this movie like *Aliens*, stuff in the power room of the ship is like that."

When it comes to horror novelists, Hedden goes along with the choice of about a hundred million other avid readers. "I'm a big Stephen King fan," he says. "In fact, I make a reference to him in this script. The lead girl in this movie, Rene, is a writer, and she gets a present from her teacher, supposedly a fountain pen that Stephen King used when he was in high school.

"My wife got me into him," he continues. "She's a *huge* Stephen King fan, and years ago she said, 'You've gotta read this guy. You won't believe it.' Ever since then, I've read everything he has done. His descriptions and his characters are so vivid, and he can tap into things in your gut that you forget you knew about. When I read this stuff, it's almost like I feel he was living in my neighborhood."

A writer/director credit on the most recent edition of the world's longest-running horror flick series is definitely a pretty feather in Hedden's cap, but as he says, it hasn't come overnight. He parlays a few sage hints for budding screenwriters out in GOREZONE land. "Just write, write, write," he says. "And when you turn in a script, and they read it and say, 'Well, thank you for your submission, but blah, blah, blah,' call 'em up—or if you get a rejection in person, stop 'em right there—and say, 'Well, thank you for reading it, but exactly why didn't you buy it and what didn't you like about it?' Hopefully, you can pin them down to specifics. That's how I got my first job. The first script that I ever sold that got produced was for the series *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*. I wrote a script and turned it in. They said, 'Well, thank you very much, but it's not exactly what we want.' I said, 'Why? What can I do to make it better?' And they told me. So I went back and wrote another one, and a week later, I said, 'Here!' They read it and bought it.

"Actually, I turned that second script in on a Monday, and they called me Monday afternoon and said, 'We wanna buy it,' " he grins. "Then I did another one and they bought it the same day, just like that. It was all because I kept asking them what was wrong. You've got to have a thick skin; you've got to be able to take criticism. I'm learning on the set right now, constantly listening to what everybody around me says. If they have a better idea, I'm all ears."

Jamie Brown, the makeup FX boss on *Friday VIII*, testifies that Hedden speaks the truth. "He allows you to be creative," says Brown. "I can suggest things, and he listens. Some directors don't appreciate that kind of input."

Hedden admits there's big money to be made writing for TV and movies. He was paid over $10,000 for that first half-hour script, which he wrote in four days. But it's not necessarily *fast* money.

"It sounds like, 'Wow, he made $10,000 in four days,' when in reality, it took me about 10 years to make that money," he stipulates. "I wrote 15 or 20 feature scripts, and I don't know how many TV scripts, that never got sold before that."

If there are any promising screenwriters out there, feel confident that if you start writing now, there should still be *Friday the 13th* films around to sell your scripts to in the years to come. Hedden doesn't see the movie series fizzling out any time soon. "I think if they hire people who constantly bring fresh ideas to it, to take it from where it's gotten, I don't see why it can't go on forever," Hedden beams. "Certainly, there's a great audience out there. A lot of people love these movies."

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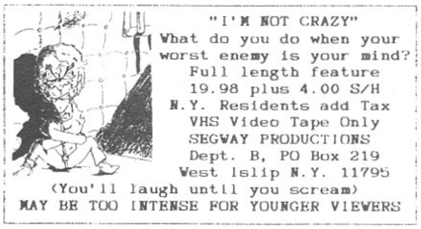

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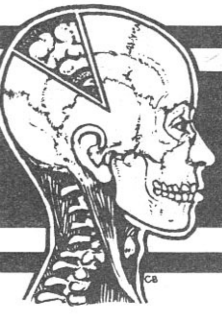


PIECE O' MIND

by Chas. Balun

Bravo, Fulci!

The splinter heard 'round the world.

The *New York Ripper* makes ole Jack look like a wimp.

"Gimme an 'F' . . ."

In the last 20 years, most critics have concurred that Stanley Kubrick's spectacular and wildly hallucinogenic "star gate" sequence at the climax of *2001: A Space Odyssey* redefined and transformed the science fiction genre, but few have reached a similar consensus on the precise instant contemporary horror films underwent a similar catharsis.

"Gimme a 'U' . . ."

Sure, a good case could be made for the Guts-R-Us barbecue and cannibal chowdownathon in Romero's *Night of the Living Dead*, as well as the sudden shotgun facelift and rotor blade decap in *Dawn of the Dead*, but nah, that's too easy. Besides, none of the above, despite their technical proficiency and cutting-edge realism, can quite touch the awesome, preternatural and primordial impact of the ONE shock effect that kicked open the floodgates of gore in the modern era.

"Gimme an 'L' . . ."

This singularly stunning event continues to reverberate down through the halls of horror and still never fails to quicken the pulse of any and all gusher-loving gorehounds who've come to affectionately regard its perpetrator as the True Godfather of Modern Gore.

"Gimme a 'C' . . ."

So save your breath on Cronenberg's exploding *cabesa* in *Scanners*, the techno-trickery of the transformations in *American Werewolf* and *The Thing* or the splatter platter antics of *The Evil Dead*. 'Cause for me, it's the Man, the Eye and the Splinter that launched 1,000 sighs.

"Gimme an 'I' . . ."

Lucio Fulci—now an aging, out-of-favor Pastaland gutslinger—has been maligned by most, reviled by some and seemingly ignored by the rest. Yet still, a small cadre of the faithful exists, including some so foolhardy as to mention Kubrick, Romero, Argento, splinters and monoliths in the same breath, thereby risking the overt scorn and contempt of their colleagues and inviting excommunication from the pedantic legions of horror scribes who rate Fulci right down there with such certifiable genre hacks as Andy Milligan, Larry Buchanan, Ted V. Mikels and Ray Dennis Steckler. The World of Gore is veiled in a World of Woe when the likes of hamfisted fetishists Jess Franco, Paul Naschy and Joe D'Amato have their films slavishly analyzed, catalogued and celebrated while Fulci's work is all too often flippantly dismissed as derivative, plodding, incoherent or inconsequential.

Well, OK, they *do* have a point or two there, but those are fightin' words, pardner.

The critics who howl the loudest at Signor Fulci's oeuvre have quite obviously never witnessed what is perhaps the greatest zombie film you've never seen, *The Beyond* (a.k.a. . . . *E Tu Vivrai nel Terrore! L'Aldila*, 1981), a towering master-

Photo: Courtesy Chas. Balun

Oh, there's much more to a Fulci film than meets the eyeball.

With *Gates of Hell*, Lucio Fulci made hair tugging a national past time.

piece that always makes believers of the faithless. Except for the derivative, plodding and incoherent parts, *The Beyond* almost plays like classic Argento. Oh, there's much, much more to a Fulci film than meets the eyeball.

Long before Fulci drove the point home with the fiendish slo-mo ballet between spike and orb in *Zombie* (1979), he had already garnered quite a reputation in his native land for taking things "one step beyond." Fulci was, indeed, no stranger to the splashy, gratuitous gore insert; in fact, he was already a master manipulator. In his 1971 film *A Lizard in a Woman's Skin* (a.k.a. *Una Luccertola con la Pelle di Donna*), he succeeded all too well in convincing both audiences and antivivisectionists that perhaps his Grand Guignol was no illusion. The film features several dream sequences designed by FX man Carlo (*Alien*) Rambaldi, including a notorious gutted-dog effect which landed Fulci in court, facing a magistrate and a two-year sentence for animal cruelty. Several mechanical torsos that could convincingly whimper and thrash about were used to simulate a tableful of eviscerated dogs, and not until Rambaldi produced one of the prostheses was Fulci exonerated. (What is most troubling about this incident is not the fact that rabidly overcautious, anal-impacted legal types sought to toss ol' Gramps into the hoosegow, but instead the rather embarrassing admission that several conscious, rational adults were actually fooled by a Carlo Rambaldi effect.)

Fulci had dabbled in several genres by this time, toiling on Westerns, slapstick comedies and music hall revues for television. He continued to exploit both violence and gratuitous gore in his giallo thrillers *Don't Torture the Duckling* (1971) and *Sette Note in Nero* (a.k.a. *The Psychic*, 1977). It wasn't until *Zombie* that he achieved a degree of measurable success within the Worldwide Brotherhood of Gore.

Though many have accused Fulci of ripping off Romero's *Dawn of the Dead* (sure, *Dawn* was released in Italy as *Zombi* and Fulci's as *Zombi 2*), even casual study reveals two separate and distinct films. *Zombie* abandons *Dawn*'s bright, polished metal trappings and black comic underpinnings, and instead returns to the roots of the living dead legend. No errant space probes, toxic chemicals or wisecracking neosurvivalists here; Fulci does it the old-fashioned way, with black magic, sorcery and voodoo.

All Photos: Courtesy Alan Jones

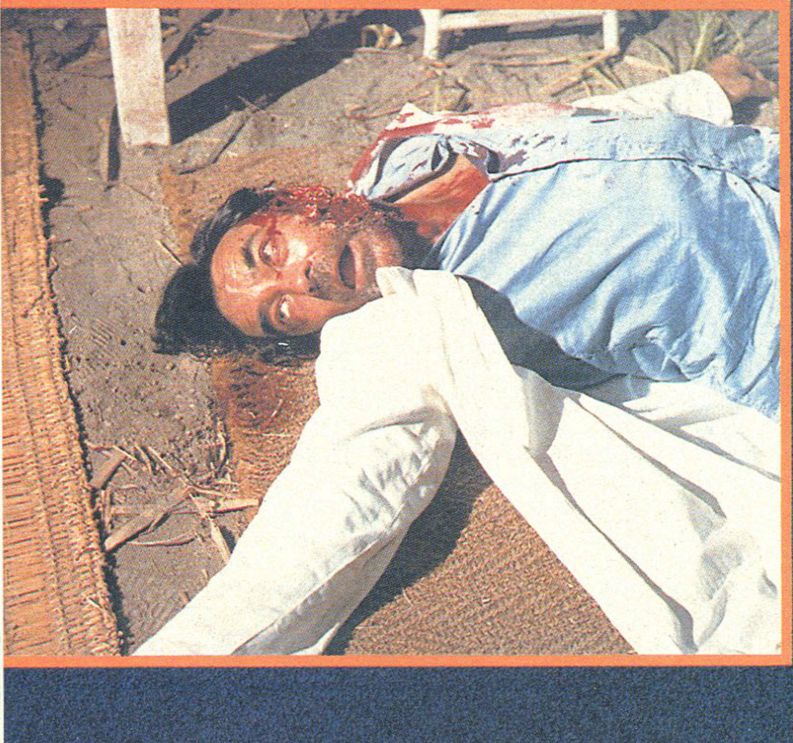
Fulci comes up with a Temple of Doom in *Eye of the Evil Dead*.

Indeed, Fulci has often expressed his affection for the older genre classics and openly admits his admiration for such moody, atmospheric chillers as *The Walking Dead* (1936), *I Walked With a Zombie* (1943) and *Voodoo Island* (1957). Though many sequences in *Zombie* do recall a simpler, bygone era, the ferocious and unflinching level of violence and gore strain mightily against even the most permissible of modern standards. Besides the excruciatingly graphic eyeball-piercing (excised from British prints), other Chunk-Blow Bonanzas include squished heads, gnawed limbs, live 'n' squirming wormlife, and a show-stopping "Old Faithful" arterial geyser erupting from Auretta (*Eyeball*) Gay's throat after a friendly zombie nibble.

Despite the gruesome and horrifying nature of such scenes, Fulci seems to exhibit such an innocent, wide-eyed curiosity and sense of gleeful abandon in his over-the-top gore tableaux that it's almost touching. He's one genre director who apparently has just as much fun as the fans when he winks, nails down that camera, zooms in real tight and capriciously dares us to keep watching. He's not coy and he delivers what he promises—sometimes by the shovelful.

With *Gates of Hell* (a.k.a. *Fear in the City of the Living Dead*, 1980) and *House by the Cemetery* (1981), Fulci began to show some real style and a masterly grasp of the haunting, surreal *mise-en-scene.* He still relied heavily on the frissons provided by Gianetto de Rossi's meaty FX, but neither film proved as relentless and gore-laden as was *Zombie* in its finest hour. Fulci began exploring and experimenting with horror mythology, metaphysics and the subsconscious dreamscape here, but was certainly not above a little of the ol' ultraviolence to help spice the stew. And while most fans will swear they saw Italian sleaze legend John (*Cannibal Apocalypse*) Morghen get his brains drilled out of his ears in *Gates of Hell*, Fulci insists the moment represents "a cry I wanted to launch against a certain type of fascism" (Fango #29). *Woo-ie-ie*! Spacey stuff. No wonder he was never pressed to explain the cosmic significance of director Michele (*Stagefright*) Soavi's girlfriend blowing both her lunch and her guts out when given the whammy by a demon priest in the same film.

Instead of simply ripping off the Romero *Dead* films, Fulci created a new subgenre of Italian splatter.



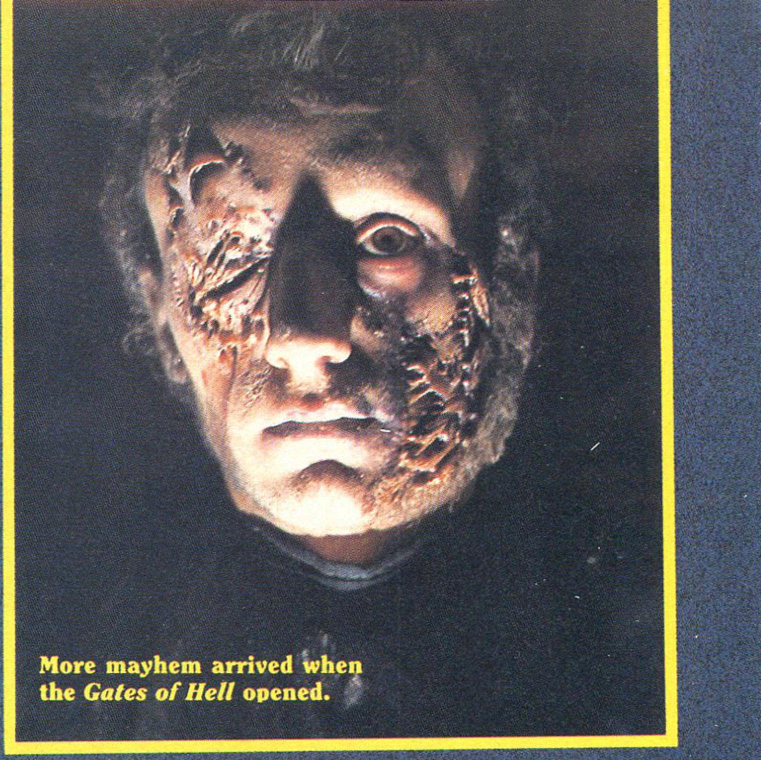
No matter, though. Everything came together for Fulci with *The Beyond*, easily his masterwork and worthy of all the superlatives you've ever heard about it. Forget the drawn-and-quartered, exsanguinated U.S. version released theatrically as *Seven Doors of Death*. Track down the uncut, letterboxed European print. What you'll discover is one of the most compelling, audacious and hyper-gory zombie films of the decade. The prologue itself, shot in soft, dreamy sepia tones, is worth the price of admission. A renegade artist is attacked and beaten bloody by a chain-wielding mob, crucified with 8-inch spikes and then drenched with a caustic, bubbling slop. His screams are smothered by the molten, ruined flesh sliding off his face as the camera rushes in and lovingly surveys the damage. And all this happens *before* the opening credits start to roll!

The murder unlocks one of the trusty old gates of hell, and once again the Dead want the Red. The outrageously gruesome splatter FX are delivered with an undeniable gusto by longtime Fulci associate Gianetto de Rossi along with Germano Natali, whose credits include Argento classics like *Deep Red*, *Suspiria* and *Opera*.

The Beyond becomes a grand slam of gore as eyes are gouged, throats are ripped apart, heads are blown up, and tongues and lips are torn out by armies of possessed tarantulas in the most inspired arachnid attack of this or any other century. Lest we forget, this film also showcases the now-famous "daylight through a little girl's head" bit wherein a pigtailed, freckle-faced ghoul faces off with a .44 Magnum and gets her mind blown.

After a prolonged cavalcade of carnage, the film ends on a note of inspired lunacy when both David Warbeck and Katherine MacColl find themselves trapped within the enigmatic painting that the crucified artist had been working on during the prologue. Hey, what? A bold leap across the time/space continuum, or did Fulci just paint himself into a desperate corner here? Who cares? *The Beyond* rocks, pure and simple.

Unfortunately, Fulci's later films have continued to disappoint even the most loyal of cultists. Some have been downright embarrassing. In the justifiably overlooked *The New York Ripper* (1982), one can *almost* summarily dismiss the clunky plotting, regressive world view, mean-spirited misogyny and sleazy sexual sadism, but no one can let Fulci off the hook for featuring a psychopathic killer who quacks like a *duck*! I mean, a wolverine, donkey, Chihuahua or parakeet even, but why a duck?



More mayhem arrived when the *Gates of Hell* opened.

Most recently, Fulci has been genre-hopping, avoiding the hardcore horror market and attempting to make his films appear more like their polished, trendy American counterparts. Listless "suspense thrillers" like *Murder Rock* and *The Devil's Honey* are boneheaded knock-offs of such U.S. drivel as *Flashdance* and *9½ Weeks*; the current *Aenigma* (1987) appears to pay homage to *Carrie*. Even his anxiously awaited *Zombie 3* is more of an eco-disaster, action/adventure film, with elements extrapolated from both *The China Syndrome* and *Warning Sign*. Hardly a *real* zombie in sight, either. Granted, Fulci has been in failing health of late, and yes, Bruno (*Night of the Zombies*) Mattei did complete *Zombie 3* in his absence, but the current Fulci filmography has given fans on both sides of the Atlantic cause for alarm. Though he has announced an ambitious slate of forthcoming titles like *Bloody Psycho*, *The Broken Mirror*, *Doctor Jekyll* and *The Red Monks*, only his proposed sequel to *The Beyond* has generated much fan enthusiasm. However, even if our beloved Signor chooses to remake *Three Men and a Baby*, shoot Diet Pepsi spots or direct Tiffany's newest video, it will be of no lasting consequence. After all, we'll always have *The Beyond* and, of course, *Zombie*.

And that, my friends, is better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick.

Sure, they may be man's best friend, but that ain't helpin' this babe much. (From *The Beyond*)

Unfortunately, Fulci's later films have continued to disappoint even the most loyal of cultists.

By DOUG DREXLER

CAGLIONE & DREXLER'S MAKEUP FX LAB

Zen & the Art of Foam Latex

Dig it! Caglione and Drexler—New York and *Hollywood*! We've made the jump to light speed. In the merry month of May, Cag & Drex were accepted into Hollywood Local 706 IATSE. John, myself, Kevin Haney and Greg Cannom assembled one chilly California morning at the colossal Television City Building in Los Angeles. With hearts in mouth and makeup kits in hand, we entered. For the next 10 hours, the Union inspected, detected and selected us. Congratulations, brother Caglione, brother Haney and brother Cannom!

California has been beautiful to the Caglione & Drexler clan. We've made many new friends, including the Burmans, Bob Schiffer, Ve Neil and the aforementioned Cannom. We now call longtime acquaintance Craig Reardon a good friend. The trenches will do that to you.

One new pal in particular, gearing up to the theme of this month's column, is Sandy Burman. Sandra is one of those rare people who positively bubbles over with love of life. When we made our beachhead in Southern California, Sandy was our angel. We set up shop in her building in Van Nuys, which also houses Burman Foam Latex.

So let's breeze over foam latex, staff of the special character makeup artist's life. This article will serve as a good introduction to you newcomers out there, and it may even pack a surprise or two for you oldtimers. Stand by for some unique angles on foam latex. *It's alive*!

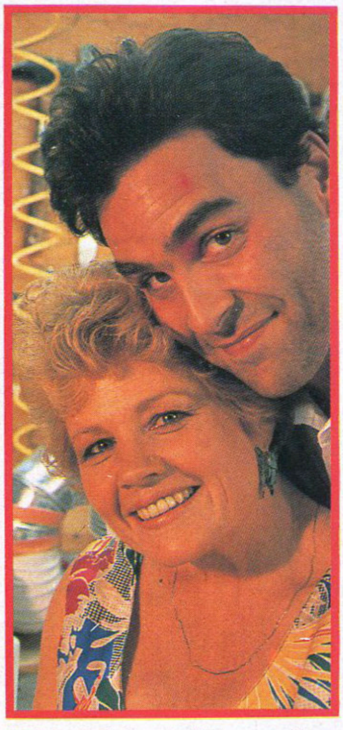
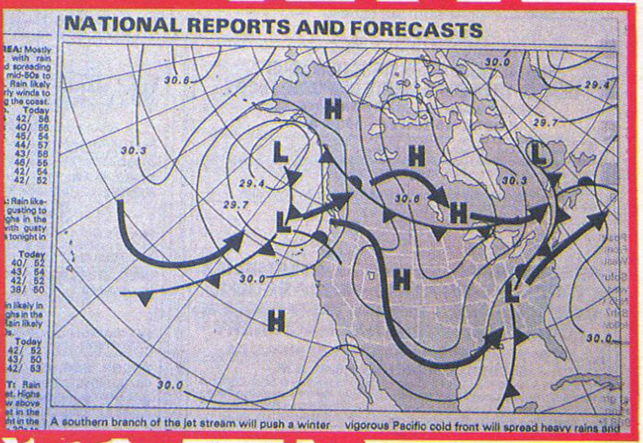


PHOTO 1: Sandy Burman, the original foam fatale. As you may have guessed, we *love* her! Sandy has made Burman foam latex as user-friendly as the beast has ever been. This babe has saved our butts on many occasions. Hands off, John, she's mine!

All Photos: Copyright Caglione & Drexler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L
30.0
29.7
30.3
A southern branch of the jet stream will push a winter
vigorous Pacific cold front will spread heavy rains and

PHOTO 2: Foam latex is among the most unusual and enigmatic of makeup materials. It's affected by everything—humidity, barometric pressure, temperature, the list is endless. Getting a good run of foam latex despite all of these variables can sometimes be exasperating.

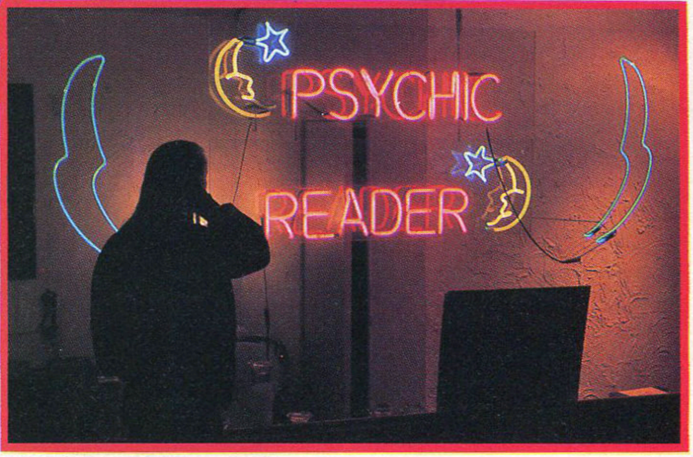


PHOTO 3: If you can work a crystal ball, you've got it made. "Is it gonna gel?" I've seen guys with eyes like hardboiled eggs sweating that one out. I'll never forget reading one of Dick Smith's early mimeographed sheets on the topic: "After working with foam latex for over 30 years, I've learned that there are only a million things that can go wrong with it!"

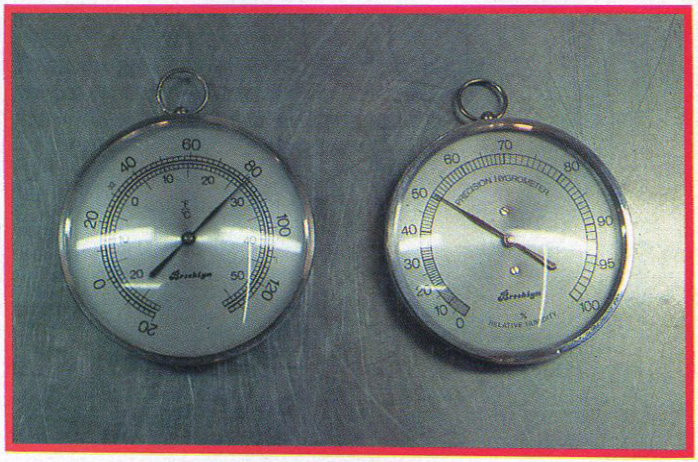
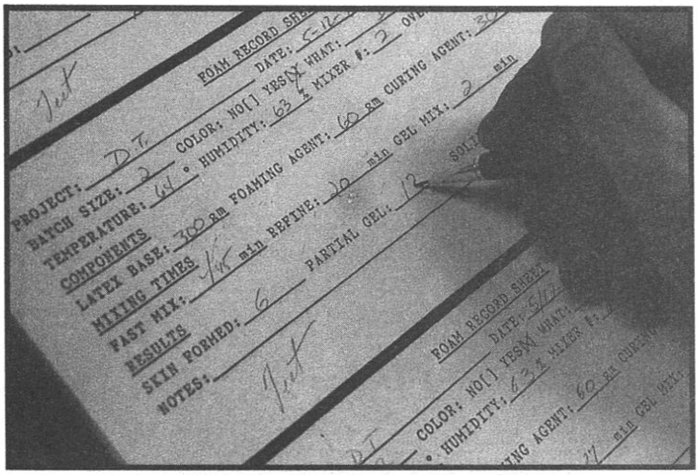


PHOTO 4: So how do you keep from going stark raving mad? You make an educated guess by gathering together all possible information on the variables, such as temperature and humidity. Your own private weather station, while expensive to maintain, can really help.

NOTE: Caglione and Drexler and STARLOG Communications Inc. accept no liability in the use of materials discussed in this workshop.



FOAM RECORD SHE

PROJECT: D.T.

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BATCH SIZE: 2 COLOR: NO[ ] YES[X] WHAT:

TEMPERATURE: 64 ° HUMIDITY: 63 % MIXER #: 2

COMPONENTS

LATEX BASE: 300 gm FOAMING AGENT: 60 gm CURING AGENT: 30

MIXING TIMES

FAST MIX: 1/45 min REFINE: 20 min GEL MIX: 2 min

RESULTS

SKIN FORMED: 6 PARTIAL GEL: 13 SOLI

NOTES:

PHOTO 5: Notes! You've got to take detailed notes on *every* move you make: proportions of all your foam latex components, mixing times and atmospheric conditions. Once you have developed a library of these entries, you correlate your data and make your educated guess.

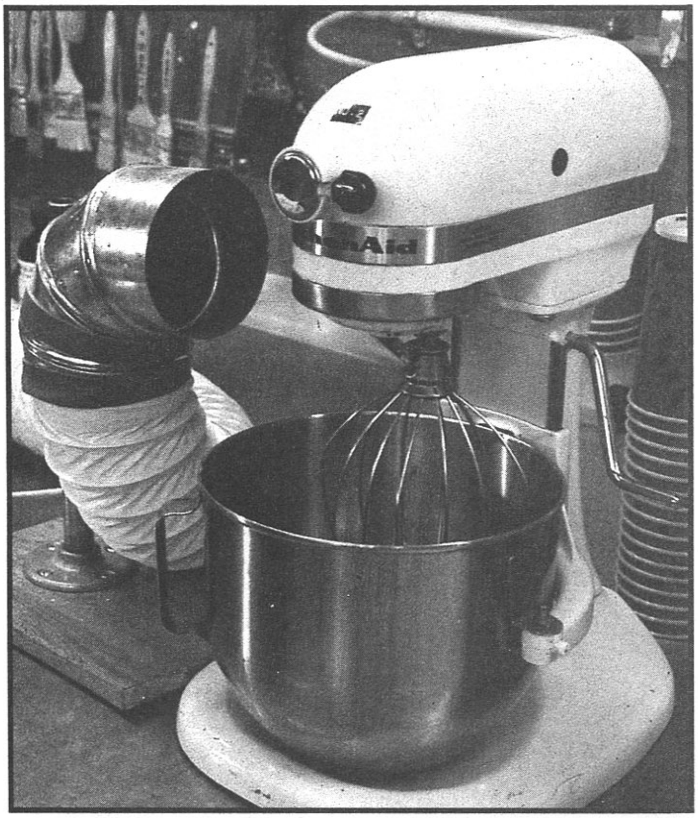
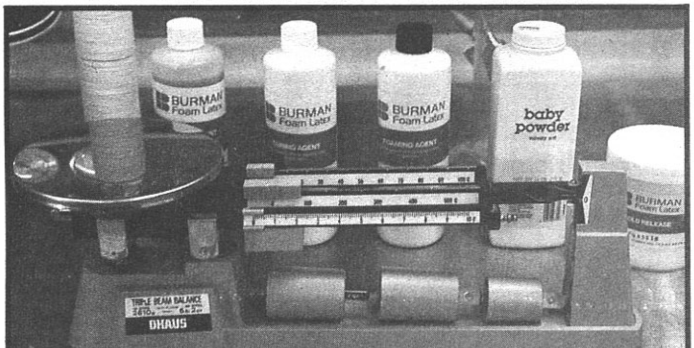


PHOTO 6: The proper equipment helps to standardize your results. We like the Hobart Kitchen Aid for frothing and mixing our foam latex. Check the flexible pipe to the left of the mixer—that's a vent, pal. Foam latex is loaded with ammonia, and when you whip it, *watch out!* The fumes are intense. If you don't properly vent this stuff, you're playing with *fire*.

PHOTO 7: An Ohaus Triple Beam Balance is a *must*. You cannot generate decent foam latex without an exact scale.



START-STOP
LAP/RESET
LCD QUARTZ STOPWATCH
MICRONTA

PHOTO 8: A decent stopwatch ensures accurate timing of your mix cycles.

HIGH SCORE
ASTRO
SHOOTER
PINBALL
SCORE
RESET

PHOTO 9: A *pinball* machine? Well, it's peculiar. I realized the correlation between pinball and foam latex by watching Donna Drexler. She's a pinball champ *and* a foam latex whiz. I've seen her step into many a disastrous foam latex situation and, with no other change to the formula but her own presence, turn disaster into victory. And I know why, since I've watched her play pinball.

It's an attitude, a state of mind. She never shakes the machine in anger or uses any "English," she just flips the flippers and wins game after game. You must not care too much, that's the trick. The Zen master knows that in order to hit the target, you must first let it go. Point two is this: High emotions and anger due to frustration adversely affect foam latex. Crazy? I don't think so. You've heard of the bio experiment where you take two identical plants, subject one to anger and it withers, but treat the other with affection and it flourishes. Latex base is organic, since it comes from the rubber plant (which explains why if you let it freeze, it's no good). The person who runs your foam must have a level head. Talk nice to your foam latex.

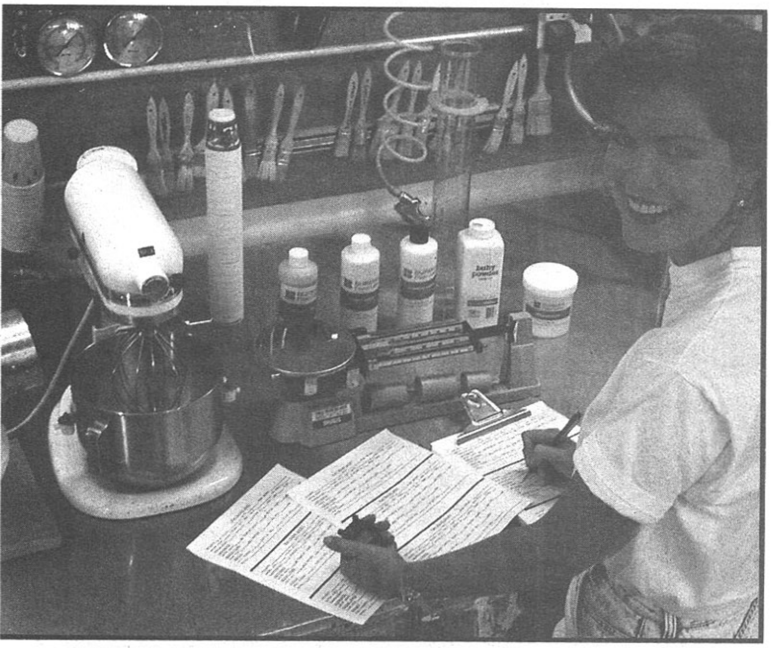


PHOTO 10: So let's run some foam latex! The latex kit comes with four components: the latex base, the foaming agent which causes the latex to froth into foam, the gelling agent which makes the frothed mix solidify, and the curing agent which vulcanizes the rubber in the oven.

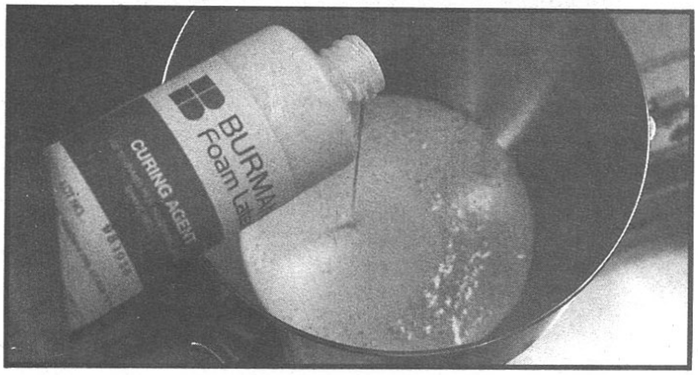


PHOTO 11: The foam base is carefully weighed out in combination with the foaming and gelling agents. We weigh the stuff out directly in the Hobart bowl and carefully hand mix with a Rubbermaid spatula.

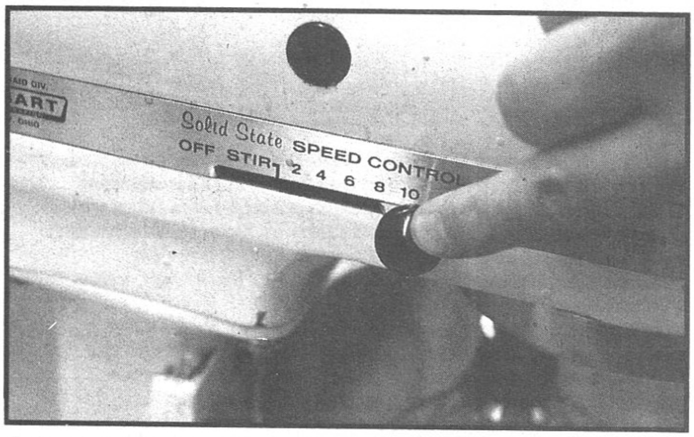


PHOTO 12: Locking the bowl onto the Hobart, we begin the fast mix. With the machine set on maximum speed, the latex will froth into a kind of meringue. Experience working with the stuff will teach you just how frothy (soft) you want it. Once frothed, the mix must be refined. Setting the Hobart on its slowest speed will liberate oversized bubbles and standardize cell structure.

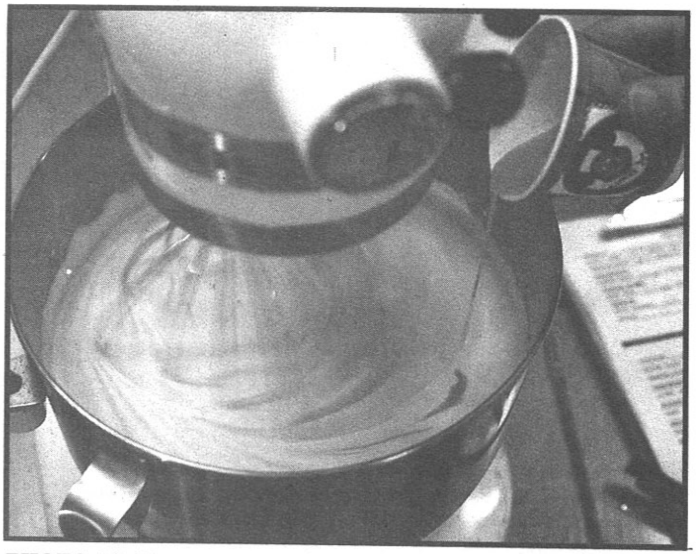


PHOTO 13: If you compare this shot with Photo 11, you can easily see that the latex mixture has increased in volume. With the refining cycle now finished, we add the gelling agent. If all goes well, the foam latex will solidify within about 15 minutes—hopefully enough time to get the stuff in your molds.

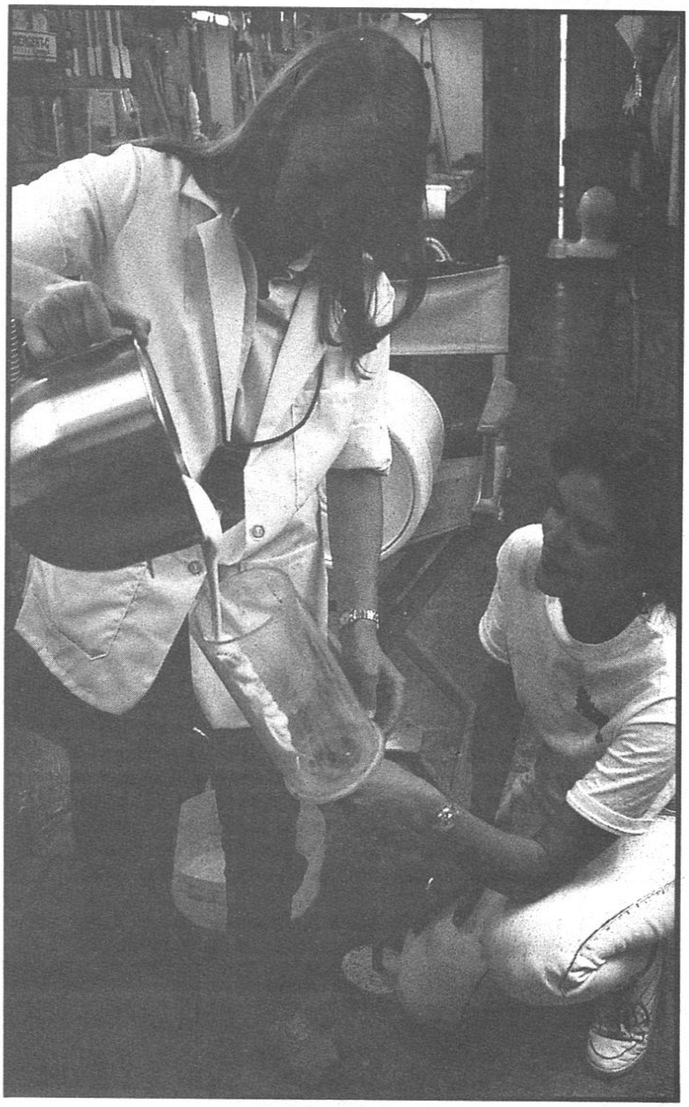


PHOTO 14: Here we see Donna and Mel pouring the foamed mixture into an oversized syringe. Pouring must be done with care so as not to trap any air in the mix.

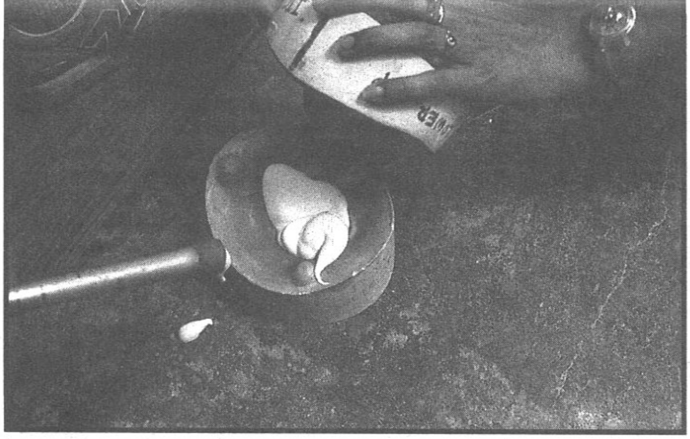


PHOTO 15: Once injection is complete, we flip the positive over, closing the mold.

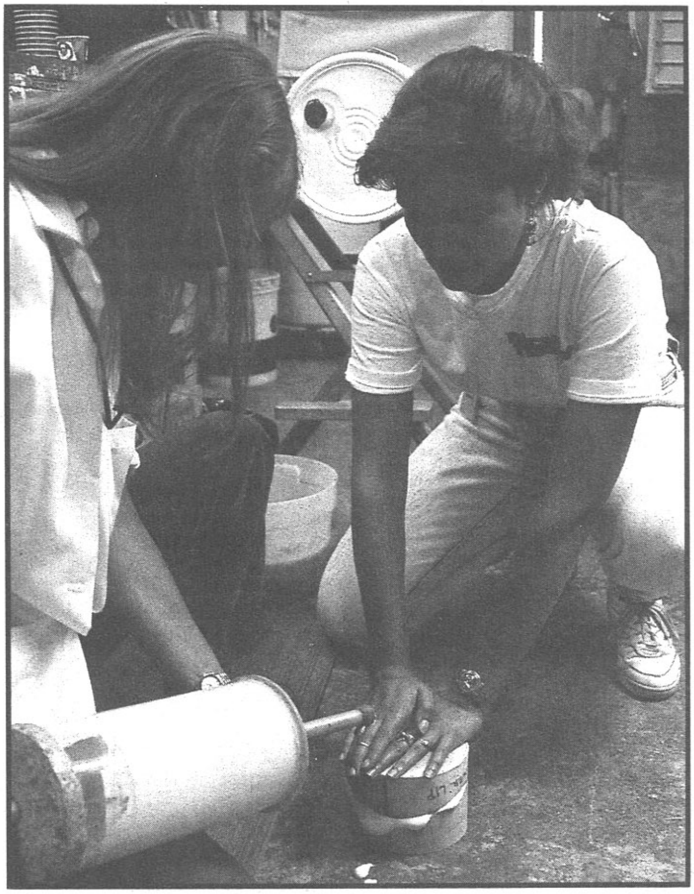
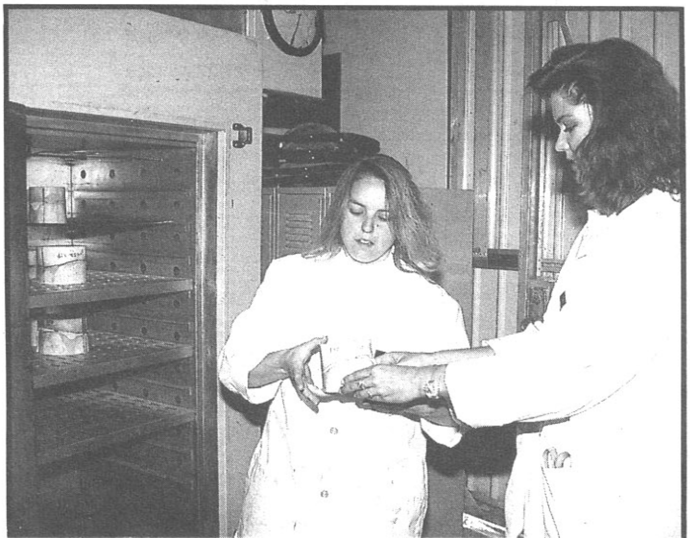


PHOTO 16: Once closed, be sure to press hard. You want a nice blending edge, right?

PHOTO 17: When the foam has gelled, Dawn and Mel gently transfer the molds into the oven.



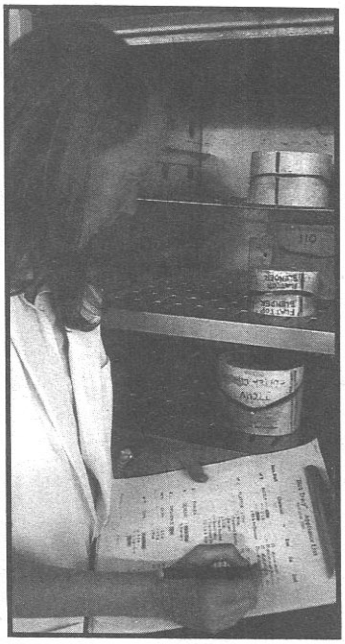
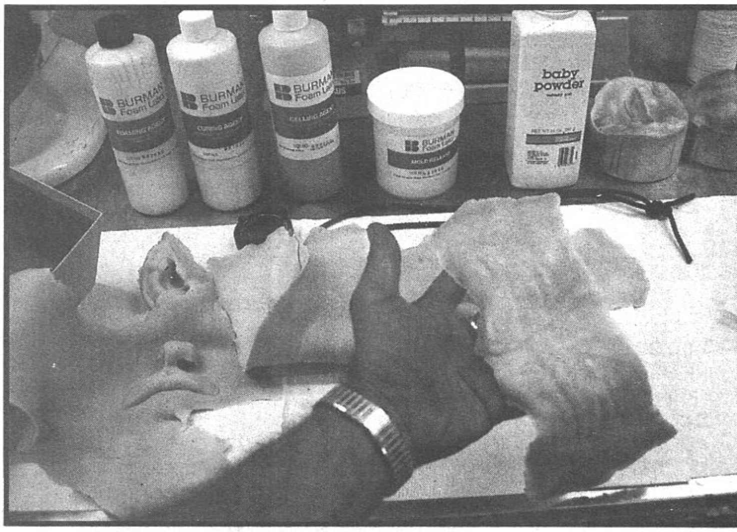


PHOTO 18: Before locking it up, Donna keeps careful track of all the molds. Never underestimate keeping good records, gang.

PHOTO 19: The end result, thanks to Sandy, Donna, Dawn and Mel: beautiful appliances that melt into the skin and move like gangbusters! The difference between a fantastic job and a mediocre job, when speaking of foam latex, is a matter of degrees. These chicks do a fantastic job!



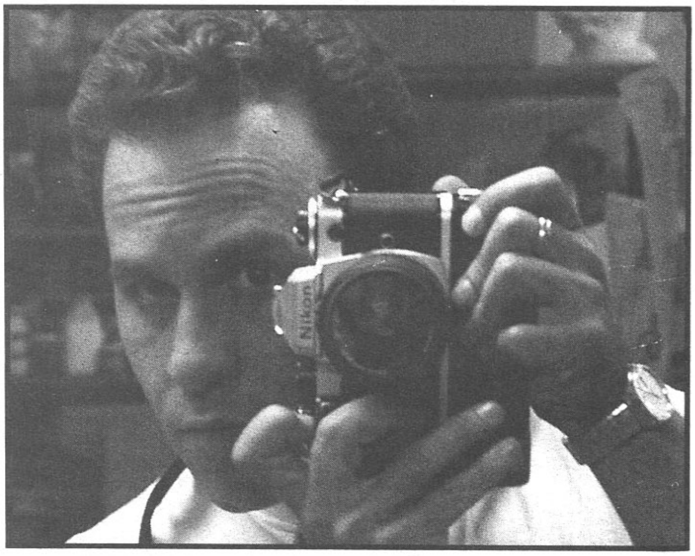


PHOTO 20: This was pretty basic stuff—a taste, if you will. Future issues promise more detailed discussion. In the meantime, digest and scrutinize these photos. Next issue we shut off the oven and demold. The roving eye will be there and so should you! Aloha!

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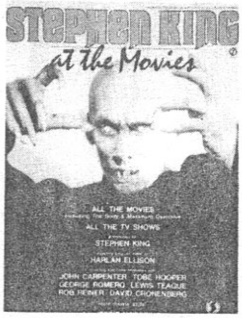
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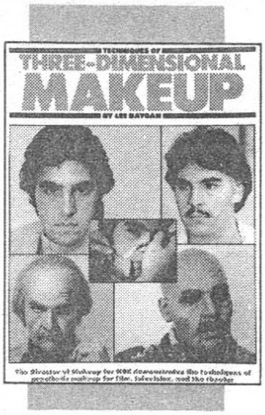
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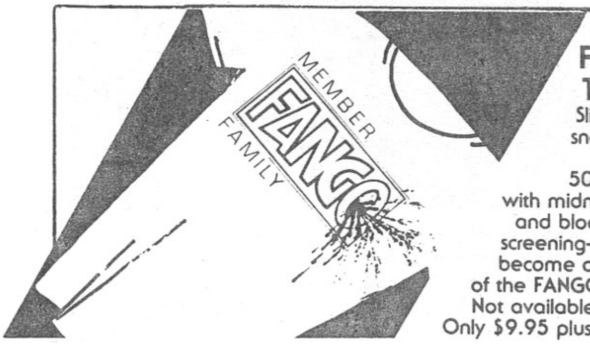
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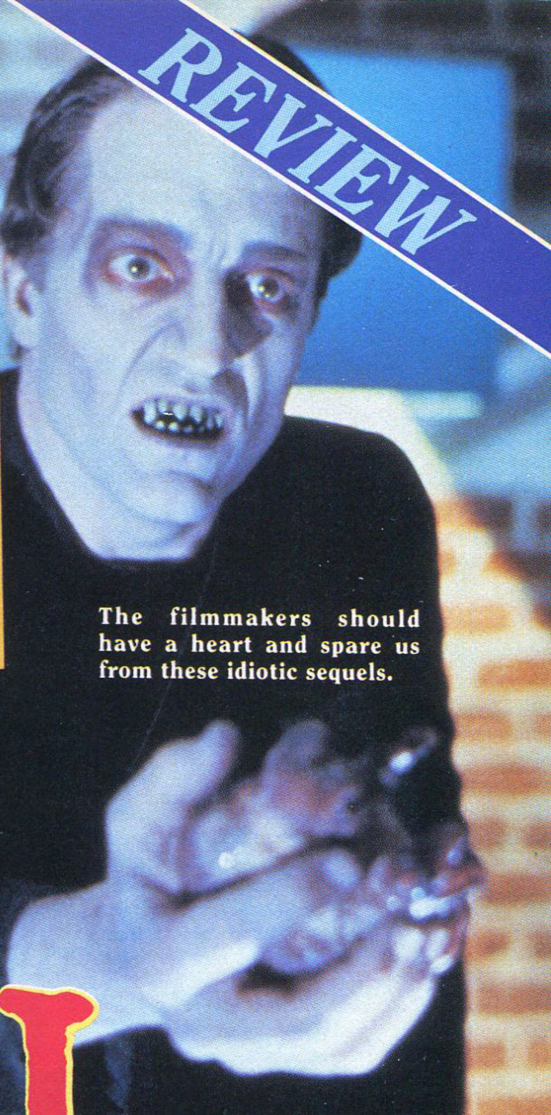

The filmmakers should have a heart and spare us from these idiotic sequels.

Photos: Vestron Pictures

C.H.U.D. II

By MICHAEL GINGOLD

The original *C.H.U.D.*, despite its silly advertising ("Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dwellers"), was one of the best humorous horror films of the recent trend. With a witty script by Parnell Hall, intelligent direction by Douglas Cheek (what happened to these guys?) and good acting, it effectively satirized urban blight while serving up some genuine shocks. *C.H.U.D. II: Bud the CHUD*, on the other hand, is just another dumb horror spoof that isn't clever enough to be funny and is too silly to be frightening. In other words, the latest unnecessary, disposable sequel.

> *". . .just another dumb horror spoof that isn't clever enough to be funny and is too silly to be frightening."*

You know you're in trouble when a follow-up makes absolutely no reference to the setup-for-a-sequel ending of the first film. In fact, aside from a reference to "C.H.U.D. enzymes," there's no connection between the original film and Part II, which plays like a combined rip-off of *Return of the Living Dead* and *Night of the Creeps*. A couple of high school dudes need a corpse to replace one they lost from their science class, and wind up stealing one from a government lab. This stiff is infected with the aforementioned enzymes, hence its nickname "Bud the CHUD," and naturally it wakes up and escapes. As played by Gerrit Graham in minimal makeup by Makeup Effects Laboratories, Bud is a rather bumbling creature, and becomes the focus of a good deal of the movie's humor. This is where *C.H.U.D. II* makes one of its biggest mistakes; even a comic horror film should play its monsters straight.

The only element of the plot played for serious tension is the efforts of the teenagers—Steve (Brian Robbins), Kevin (Bill Calvert), and their friend Katy (Tricia Leigh Fisher)—to stop the ensuing CHUD rampage (the CHUDs eat brains, and their victims become creatures, too). Everything else is sitcom level, and the effect is furthered by the biggest collection of celebrity cameos since *Beware! The Blob*. Robert Vaughn devours the scenery as one Lt. Masters, who's out to nail the CHUDs and anyone else in range, while Norman Fell, June Lockhart, Rich Hall, Bianca Jagger and Larry Linville show up as CHUD fodder. But the low budget shows when none of these people turn up in the creature horde that attacks a high school dance at the climax (can you say cliche, boys and girls?). The final confrontation contains some decent pyrotechnics, though the best visual effect is Fisher in a sexy bathing suit.

Director David Irving (until recently, Steven Spielberg's brother-in-law) brings little in the way of style to the material, and writer Ed Naha's most amusing contribution is the pseudonym he has adopted, "M. Kane Jeeves" (W.C. Fields' writing credit in *The Bank Dick*). In fact, the biggest laugh is garnered by a brief appearance of Robert Englund minus his Freddy makeup. As with most of their schlockier product, Vestron is releasing this under the Lightning Pictures banner, and a possible, if not likely, acronym comes to mind: Continuing Horrific Underground Drama Is Inane.

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In upcoming issues, you'll pop your stitches over the conclusion of Skipp & Spector's NIGHTBREED shenanigans. Not content with being murdered by David Cronenberg, the lads find themselves decked out in drag as members of the hideous titular clan. Read about it here.

Remember the name Wes Craven? You may recall a few of his films, like THE HILLS HAVE EYES, SERPENT AND THE RAINBOW and an obscure little thriller about someone called Freddy. Well, Craven's got a great deal of insight to offer concerning the state of the genre, the Krueger phenomenon and his own forthcoming flick SHOCKER.

On the sequel front, we've got the Shape in HALLOWEEN 5: THE REVENGE OF MICHAEL MYERS and good ol' Leatherface in TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE 3. As always, each issue will be crammed with the news, reviews and previews you need to stay on top of today's crazed horror scene. If you can't hack it, go right ahead and chicken out. The terror won't let up in GOREZONE #11!

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